THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

76th Year

24 JUNE 1977

3,928

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 1 JULY 1977 • No 3,929 • 22p

James, Duke of York, the future James II of England, playing tennis in 1641 at the age of eight; the court was probably in Whitehall. One of the earliest pictures of the game, from Tennis: A Pictorial History *(168pp. Collins. £4.95).*

A hundred years of tennis

The Prague Spring and after

The first Fabians

Sociology and sociology-watching

Fiction: D. J. Enright on ghost stories; Julian Symons on Edgar Allan Poe; Alastair Fowler on C. S. Lewis and time travel

Andrei Bely; Chekhov; Frege's Letters; Friedrich Waismann

Commentary: Fabergé; The chronicles of cricket

Poetry: 'Gaudete', Paul Muldoon, Michael Hamburger

The geology of Mars

Printed and Published by Times Newspapers Limited at New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, England. Friday, June 24, 1977. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office.

A hundred years of tennis

By Peter Green

Like so many fine old English traditions, Wimbledon—which celebrates its centenary this month—was born in the late Victorian era, and still bears indelible signs of its origin: the strawberry-and-cream teas, the all-pervasive sense of social precedent, the special obsession with royalty (when else *would* Wimbledon have its centenary but in the Queen's Jubilee year?), the endless, and perennial, anecdotes (what other championship has ever got itself into mythopoeia as a profitable sideline?), the subdued but inflexible moral certainties, the privileges and luxuries, the indiscreet eccentricities, the shrewd mixture of showmanship, pageantry, successful business and formalized drama. What is more, even in this technically egalitarian age the spell still works—is, indeed, potently mesmeric, on competitors and spectators alike. To tennis-players the world over Wimbledon remains *the* championship, full the financial clips where they may. Arthur Ashe summed this feeling up when he said: "Notwithstanding the prize money, Wimbledon is bigger than Forest Hills, or anywhere. It is in a class by itself, like the World Series."

The precise nature of this spell is seldom analysed, and indeed somewhat elusive. Simple historical priority provides one essential ingredient in the formula: the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club was, after all, the cradle of the game as we know it. Here championship lawn tennis was born; here (or anyway at Worple Road, not too far from the present site) the legendary giants of that early, and misty, era fought their Homeric battles; Renshaws and Dohertys, Lottie Dod and Blanche Hillyard, or the indestructible A. W. Gore, a businessman who began his Wimbledon career in 1888, won his third singles title in 1909 at the age of forty-one, reached the finals again three years later, and was still competing as late as 1927, a record unapproached by anyone, even Tilden and Rosewall. The sense of continuity is strong, and lovingly fostered: Gwen Robyns, in *Wimbledon: The Hidden Drama*, has an interesting passage on the Sterry and Cooper (families, descendants of Charlotte ("Chattie") Cooper—several times singles champion in the 1890s—and all still closely involved in the club's affairs.

That Wimbledon is indeed a club sometimes tends to get forgotten, not least during the championships itself, but it goes a long way towards explaining the traditionalism, the exclusiveness, and the enthusiastic promotion of local myths. It also sheds some light on Wimbledon's particular brand of tennis diplomacy. The late Herman David (something of a mythic figure in his own right), exercised, as chairman of the committee, an iron-hand influence behind the scenes: no one was better at the tactful exclusion of what still tends to get described as "undesirable elements", especially when the Royal Box, moral principles or club membership were involved. "Bunny" Austin, that remarkable Davis Cup player of the 1930s, and subsequently a shining pillar of Moral Rearmament, came back from America after the war (as he describes in his book *A Mixed Doubles*) to find that his membership had somehow lapsed, and he had to apply for readmission—with a very long waiting-list. To the best of my knowledge he is waiting still. The All England Club claimed to have sent him three warning reminders that his subscription was due to expire; these reminders Mr Austin says he never received. I can never contemplate this much-publicized incident without thinking of Meredith's haunting phrase about "the army of unalterable law". A club, after all, makes its own rules.

This unresolved dispute also highlights, characteristically, another odd feature of the Wimbledon saga: its factual elusiveness. Even at the level of anecdotal trivia our sources contradict each other, and on occasion themselves, in a way that gives me renewed respect for the critical acumen of Herodotus and Thucydides when dealing with oral reminiscence and nascent fantasy. What did Herman David *really* say to the Russians in 1964 (when it was fashionable to get a little moral credit by hoycotting South Africans)? Both Gwen Robyns and Max Robertson (in his centenary volume *Wimbledon 1877-1977*) affect to quote him verbatim: their versions do not match. What did Papa Lenglen toss to Suzanne during her famous match with Mrs Lambert Chambers in 1919? His hip-flask (so Gianni Clerici in *The Ultimate Tennis Book*) or "sugar lumps spiked with brandy" (Gwen Robyns)? When did Tilden win his first tournament? As a boy of eight, says Max Robertson. No indication of any such precocity in Frank Deford's *Big Bill Tilden*: quite the reverse, in fact, since Tilden seems to have been an unusually late developer. Mr Deford also emphasizes that Tilden was a strict, indeed a hysterical teetotaller, while Miss Robyns has him swigging alcohol while changing ends. On page 11 of *The Björn Borg Story* we read: "I have never been troubled with nerves"; on page 20, "my stomach curled up as I went out on to the court to face Roy Emerson"; on page 51, "I've never even given the idea of emigrating a thought"; on page 93, a description of Borg's emigration to Monte Carlo. As for Suzanne Lenglen's famous *crise de nerfs* at Wimbledon in 1926, anyone with a serious interest in tennis history, Queen Mary, or the higher social nonsense, should compare the versions given by Clerici, Robyns, and Robertson: a chastening exercise, not unlike watching *Rashomon* with a hangover.

Some of the facts can be checked. We know, for instance, that Tilden, the oldest man except for Gore ever to win the singles title, did so when he was thirty-seven. This does not stop Miss Robyns from giving his age at the time as thirty-eight. The records of matches are reasonably secure; evidence concerning the players' lives, or even the origins of the game, is quite another matter, a mass of special pleading, superficial journalism, and, saterly, ghosted autobiographies. The garbled (if heavily illustrated) account of early racquet games given by Clerici is mythopoeia at its most exotic; its most useful function is that of reminding us what we do not know, and probably never can. Even so, it is symbolically apt that the *jeu de paume* should so often have been played in buildings that also used as theatres; and the members of the Third Estate who rebelled against Louis XVI showed a nice sense of dramatic propriety when they chose their venue for what history was to label the Tennis Court Oath.

Jean Borotra, for one, who long ago had all the gamesmanship tricks (stalling, mugging, clowning, tantrums, crowd-baiting) which today make that superb player Ilie Nastase so unpredictable a court presence—and such a splendid source of revenue—knows very well, and is fond of saying, that the top-flight tennis-player is, *au fond*, an actor. "The drama of tennis", he asserts, "is not in the technicalities of hitting a little white ball, but in the clash of personalities, the clash of rivalries and the international element." That surely goes to the heart of the matter, and it is very much a part of the Wimbledon mystique. The elaborate ritual and concentration of "The Fortnight", focusing with theatrical intensity on the Centre Court, as arena, but even more us stage, lifts a remarkable sport to the level of a Greek *agon*. Pindar would have appreciated not only the titanic endurance but also the formal splendour of Jaroslav Drobny's epic 1953 match against Budge Patty, the 1950 champion, a five-hour marathon during which both players suffered agonies from cramp, and in which Drobny finally emerged victorious with a score of 8—6, 16—18, 3—6, 8—6, 12—10. The late Viscount Montgomery, a regular visitor at Wimbledon, told Herman David's wife: "This is a battle, and you must watch how each player uses the forces at his command." Monty was right, of course; but he missed (as Borotra did not) the subtler psychological strains and tensions involved.

The formalism and intensity of this drama, like that of Athens, took time to evolve. In its Victorian origins lawn tennis reveals a nice blend of rectory garden fun and slightly suspect chicanery, the latter embodied in that portentous eccentric-on-the-make Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, whose very name might have been borrowed from some forgotten Drury Lane farce. When the All England Club was founded in 1868 its declared interest (something *Alice* fans should appreciate) was not tennis but croquet. In 1874, however, Major Wingfield took out a patent on what he called "the game of Sphairistike or Lawn Tennis", and proceeded to market equipment for the game at what, by the standards of the day, were spankingly high prices. The rules were an exotic mish-mash of unacknowledged borrowings from racquets, royal tennis, and badminton: critics lost no time in suggesting that Major Wingfield's patented game was something less than original. Even his famous dubbin-shaped court was probably the result of a misunderstanding by the printers, who had failed to decipher the major's dimensions correctly. It would have been rectangular from the very beginning. Three cheers for the White Knight.

At this point, perhaps additionally encouraged by a letter to *The Field* (December 5, 1874) from that renowned royal tennis player John Moyer Heathcote, singing the praises of a new ball "covered with white flannel", which offered greatly increased elasticity and control, the All England Croquet Club decided to get in on the new fad. Not everyone showed the same enthusiasm; as Max Robertson points out, in many circles lawn tennis, or 'lawners' was looked down on as 'cissy' and referred to contemptuously as 'pat-ball'"—a reputation which stuck to the sport for a surprisingly long time, and may even have been given a new lease of life in the United States by Tilden's 1946 conviction for homosexuality. Henry Jones of *The Field* took Wingfield's rules to a committee set up under the auspices of (what else?) the Marylebone Cricket Club, or MCC (the first of many acronyms in this story), which changed them so radically as to produce what was, in effect, a new game. The playing area became officially rectangular, the net was lowered, and its posts moved outside the court. The scoring system was changed to one more akin to that of royal tennis, and after further minor modifications in 1883, lawn tennis more or less as we know it today emerged.

The stage was set; now all that remained was to create a suitable venue for the players. In 1877 the name of the club was expanded to "The All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club". The first court had been built two years earlier; and on June 9 *The Field* carried this momentous announcement: "The All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club, Wimbledon, propose to hold a lawn tennis meeting open to all amateurs, on Monday July 9th and following days. Entrance fee £1.1.0d. Two prizes will be given—one gold champion prize to the winner, one silver to the second player." The Wimbledon championships had been launched—and, characteristically, the very first year produced its paradoxical upset. The rules had been drawn up by devotees of royal tennis, and the fancied favourite, W. C. Marshall, was also an expert at this game; but in the finals he found himself handily trounced by Spencer W. Gore, a racquets player. The winner the following year, Frank Hadow, was a talented novice, home on leave from a Ceylon tea plantation (also an Old Harrovian, also a racquets player); after his victory he went straight back to Ceylon, and never came near Wimbledon again except to pick up his Commemoration Medal in 1926. The tradition of amateur eccentricity had got off to a flying start.

Both Clerici and Robertson give us a vividly impressionistic account of Wimbledon's history from this point on: *The Ultimate Tennis Book* is also packed with innumerable excellent photographs, including a number of rare early shots which I have never seen reproduced elsewhere. And here a perennial question at once arises: how good, really, were those pioneer players? How would Laurie Doherty have shaped up against Connors or Borg? How invincible, by today's criteria, was the legendary Lottie Dod? The problem is exacerbated by the odd costumes in which Victorian players performed: the ankle-length skirts, the heavy long trousers and buttoned shirts, or the off-beat get-up of B. F. Lawford, a frequent singles finalist and the winner in 1887, who went on court in what looks like a rugger shirt, with broad horizontal stripes, twill curtain breeches tucked into black stockings, and (something Drew McMillan never thought of) a pith helmet. Nor do the photographs themselves, far less those jerky early lengths of film footage, really dispel the nagging suspicion that whatever these characters may have been, great match players in the modern sense they were not. This is, I know, a heretical view. Yet athletic prowess is an evolutionary phenomenon. When Roger Bannister cracked the four-minute mile there were headlines around the world. Today such a feat has become almost routine. Why should tennis be exempt from the general trend?

Tony Wilding of New Zealand (whose *florait* was during the last decade before the First World War, in which he died) is the first player, to judge by the photographic record, who conveyed the unmistakable air of a champion in action. Among the women, no one before Suzanne Lenglen looks as though they could come within spitting distance. (If one can apply so coarse a metaphor to such refined creatures) of taking a set off Evert or Goolagong or Wade. This may well be grossly unfair, but the impression is unmistakable. I cannot help wondering whether it may not also have something to do with that ingrained amateurism and self-styled sportsmanship (what Sir John Betjeman, for quite other context, described so well as Ghastly Good Taste) which has always been the pride, and bane, of British tennis: the famous proposition that the game's the thing, and the stigmatisation of playing to win at all costs as something rather vulgar and ungentlemanly. (Pindar knew better: in Greece, successful Olympic victors had their city's walls breached for a triumphal homecoming, whereas losers slunk through the back streets to avoid public obloquy.)

Such an attitude, admirable or not, inevitably brings its own rewards. No Englishman won the Wimbledon singles title from 1908 until 1934, when Fred Perry beat Gottfried Von Cramm for the first of three successive years (and Perry, the Labour MP's son, had his critics at the time, who found his game too brash and violent); no Englishman has won it since. The women—Angela Mortimer in 1961, the year both Maria Bueno and Darlene Hard scratched, and Ann Haydon Jones in 1969—have been marginally luckier.

Professionalism is, fundamentally, an attitude of mind, in tennis as in everything else, rather than a matter of social distinction or financial reward. This truth has got rather obscured, since 1968, by all the publicity and hoop-la, mostly about money and the "American threat", well analysed by Rich Koster in *The Tennis Bubble*. It was this attitude that provoked so stubborn a resistance from the ILTF and others to open tennis: the objection was rooted in rather subtle class-consciousness, and only cash-orientated in the sense that playing games was simply not what any gentleman would do for a living.

Hence, of course, the farce of shamateurism. No one objected to an amateur picking up ample expenses under the counter providing he did not call it income, at which point there would be nothing to distinguish him from the club pro. Also, professionals played to win: that was their first, almost their only, consideration. Between the two world wars several players (none of them English) dented this image of the sporting amateur severely: Suzanne Lenglen, Tilden, Helen Wills Moody. In her last final against Helen Jacobs, la belle *Hélène*—arrogant, glacial, and ruthless as a Nefertiti—emerged coolly in different to the fact that her adversary developed a sprained ankle. Perhaps "indifferent" is not quite the word, since she deliberately exploited this weakness, and by so doing secured a crushing victory. Today such tactics—like lobbing an opponent with a torn stomach-muscle—are taken for granted: winning is the name of the game. Then, Wimbledon was shocked.

A Wimbledon audience is *sui generis*: more knowledgeable than most about fine points of the game, it has also always displayed its own corporate sense of the "done thing". When Tilden played Brian ("Babe") Norton, the South African, in 1921, he had been bedridden for three weeks after an operation, and was still desperately shaky. After losing two sets, Tilden very sensibly began to chop, slice, and deploy a series of skilful drop-shots. Common sense suggested that what little energy he had left should be used with the maximum economy. The crowd, however, indifferent to winning or losing, was furious at what it considered such "unsporting" tactics. "Play the game, Tilden!" someone shouted (what would he have made of Nastase?). Each shot, despite continued reassurances from the referee as to the legitimacy of Tilden's tactics, elicited a storm of hissing. Tilden won the match, the supposed victim, who fell spirit as a result of this barracking on his behalf; Tilden won the match by a lucky squeak, and then, for the first and last time in his life, fainted dead away when he reached the locker-room.

Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen not only imported true professionalism to the amateur game—Tilden's *Match Play and the Spin of the Ball* (1925) still remains a classic textbook; John Newcombe, for one, claims to have learnt the fundamentals of tennis from it—but also became two of its greatest, and, ultimately, most tragic, dramatic performers. Both, like great actors or dancers, lived only for their stage, and were miserable away from it. Tilden, significantly, had an abiding, and disastrous, passion for the real theatre: he wrote plays, acted in them, and sank vast amounts of money in getting them professionally produced. Both was actor and as playwright he seems to have been an outsize embarrassment: only on a tennis court did his dramatic sense run true. (Jimmy Connors has been heard, similarly, threatening to become a singer: Tilden's example should, with luck, discourage him.) His short stories, and his tennis novel, *Glory's Net*, are unbelievably saltted and mawkish, besides being shot through with a kind of sublimated pederastic yearning as repellent as it is pathetic. (Is there a real tennis literature, apart from Hérédia's sub-Baudelairean parody *Les Champions*, to match the great cricket anthology pieces?) Ironically, Tilden's one true literary niche is in Nabokov's *Lolita*, where the pert nymphet is at one point described as taking tennis lessons from an old ex-champ named Ned Litum, with his "harem of ball boys". Ned Litum, as Mr Deford reminds us, is "Ma Tilden" spelt backwards. Tilden's private life was boring, barren, and, latterly, sordid: a mess of cheap apartments, tarnishing trophies, recurrent financial crises, quick gropes with young boys, grubby unwashed sweaters worn week in week out, and, towards the end, when match play no longer was there to absorb his *élan vital*, two short stretches in the slammer for molestation. Tilden *was* his tennis, and in that supreme: all the rest, off-court, is in the end irrelevant.

Nor is Suzanne Lenglen's not-so-private life, with its hysterical migraines and noisy tantrums, lurching between narcissistic exhibitionism and psychological domination by a strong-willed father, of any abiding interest except in so far as it serves to illuminate her genius. The "biographical fallacy" applies *in excelsis* to tennis-players. Just as a poet or painter should be judged solely in terms of his art, so all that matters about a tennis star, any tennis-star, is the tennis. When, as with Dylan Thomas, or Lenglen, or Ilie Nastase, the private image begins to spill over into the public performance, trouble threatens. Even Mr Deford's compassionate study of Tilden (which in places contrives to be desperately moving) underscores this central truth. Needless to say, if nice juveniles like Mrs Cawley or Björn Borg—Teen Angel in spirit still, if not in years—were not where they are in Rino Tommasi's ratings, books like *Evonne or The Björn Borg Story* (I'm glad they didn't have the cloth to use the word "Life") would hardly get written and published. Two bigger charmers on the tennis circuit you could not hope to meet, but at twenty-odd no one is biographical material, not even if he's Rimbaud or Chatterton, much less when life consists largely of competitive tournaments, TV endorsements and residual jet-lag.

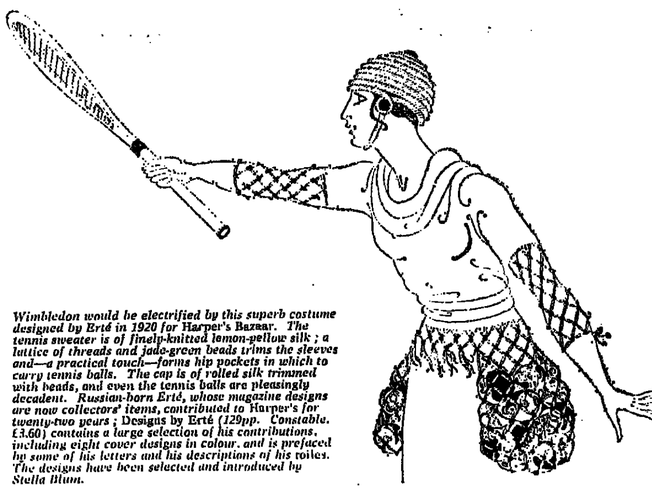
Not that the profession (amateurs included) has ever lacked for temperament. Lenglen and Tilden were two of the most outsize prima donnas in the world, and, like most prima donnas with identical interests, they cordially detested each other. Nothing ever gave Tilden greater or meaner pleasure than the notorious occasion on which he lured the Frenchwoman into a private singles, and proceeded to bagel her 6—0. Asked by Donald Budge what he would do when he could no longer play tennis, Tilden said: "Hmmmmph. Kill myself." It was the classic Hemingway dilemma, succinctly expressed. If you live through your art, and your art is predicated on exceptional physical power and coordination, what happens when the body can no longer respond? At least in this respect Suzanne Lenglen had the last laugh on Tilden: she died at thirty-nine of pernicious anaemia, and half Paris turned out for her funeral. The two of them largely pioneered the new tennis revolution—the swing away from amateurism and its built-in moral values towards a professional world of high technical skills and even higher entertainment value, of ballooning publicity and, ultimately, astronomical cash profits. But they were, it should never be forgotten, at the same time the game's Nijinsky and Pavlova, perhaps the nearest approach to pure artists that tennis has ever seen.

What they would make of the scene today defies the imagination: the ubiquitous commercial sponsoring, the huge cash prizes, the endless variety of tournaments, rarer shows like the Riggs-King challenge match (which proved, to the evident delight of feminists, that the top woman tennis-player in the world could at least beat a paunchy, out-of-condition, quinquagenarian male hustler, author of a book entitled, appropriately enough, *Tennis is my Racket*); the demonic antics and simplified rules of World Team Tennis (WTT), winner-take-all matches where the label turns out something of a misnomer, proliferating rival associations and leagues, all known by confusing acronyms—AT[?], LTA, ILTF, WTT, WCT, WTA, and so on. The "Americanization of tennis" is a popular bogy in England and Europe. Yet (one more paradox among many) it was Wilcombe, in the person of the redoubtable Herman David, who spearheaded the historic 1968 breakthrough to open tournaments, in the teeth of the ILTF (David had in fact been an outspoken advocate of open tennis since at least 1935).

One immediate result was that several of the great professionals, like Laver and Rosewall, could at last return to the Centre Court while they were still in their prime. Five years later the fledgling Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) bit the hand that fed it, metaphorically speaking, by boycotting Wimbledon over the Pilic affair (Pilic, a Yugoslav, had been suspended by his national federation for allegedly failing to play in the Davis Cup when called upon: the ILTF and Wimbledon upheld this decision, and banned Pilic from playing; the ATP challenged their authority to do so, pulled their members out of the 1973 champion-ship en *bloc*, and took the case to court). That was the year Metreveli and Kodes reached the final. There was immense bad feeling all round, something which, along with free-wheeling confusion, has characterized competitive tennis ever since. After more than seventy years of paternal authoritarianism, the lid was off with a vengeance. As Mr Koster so nicely puts it, "all other sports have developed gradually, logically. Tennis went from the dark ages to the present, like zip." Now, ironically but understandably, a movement is afoot to secure the appointment of a "tennis czar" with power to arbitrate between warring factions and impose some badly needed discipline. But who bells the cat? Mike Davies? Lamar Hunt? Jack Kramer? Try those names on the European Federations and see what hits the fan. "You'd need someone like Solomon", Connors's manager Bill Riordan said a while back. He should know.

This complex and at times singularly unsavoury story is unravelled with crisp clarity in *The Tennis Bubble*, a book which no tennis sociologist can afford to neglect, if only for the mundane reason that its author seems to be the only man alive capable of making sense out of the prevailing chaos. A tanned legs and workmanlike more schematic panorama of the multitudinous options now available is presented in *World of Tennis '76*, a slickly efficient reference work, which describes itself as "a Bl' and Commercial Union Yearbook", and lists a bewildering variety of pro tours, prize money winners, and exotic tournaments—what price the South African Beverlies Open?—backed by an army of firms ranging from Coca Cola to Robinson's Barley Water. The nicest thing about the whole saga is how well, compared to the scene even a decade ago, professional players have done out of all this razzmatazz. In 1970 Rosewall (whose *Twenty Years at the Top*, a long, chopped-up interview put into book form by Peter Rowley, is, like its subject, full of professional facts but emotionally a bit elusive) went on record as saying: "I wish I was ten years younger. There's never been so much money in tennis before." He recently described elsewhere the professional scene as it was in 1957: "We often wonder how we ever did it. The one-night stands, the overnight station-wagon rides to courts with no spectators, the almost total absence of recognition." Those conditions are gone forever, and with them much of the creeping social discrimination endemic to the amateur game.

What always got most publicity, of course, was the formal discrimination against those who turned professional, and found themselves thereafter treated like superior tradesmen whose proper entrance was by the back door—a curious legacy from Victorian times. But this kind of outlook could at times spill over, less ostentatiously, into other familiar areas of prejudice. It took personal arm-twisting by Tilden to make the fashionable Los Angeles Tennis Club, during the Second World War, open its courts to a young Mexican-American hopeful named Pancho Gonzalez. Soon after his 1938 defeat by Budge at Wimbledon (Hitler himself had been on the phone just before the match) Von Cramm was briefly imprisoned by the Nazis for alleged homosexual offences: it sounds uncommonly like one of Himmler's frame-ups. When he got out of jail, some months later, he at once sent off his registration for the Queens Club tournament prior to Wimbledon. This was in 1939. The Queens Club executive committee, after a heated session, just passed him, by a 12-1 vote, but Wimbledon turned him down flat. In the Queens Club finals Von Cramm met Bobby Riggs, and slaughtered him 6—1, 6—0. A fortnight later Riggs, in Von Cramm's enforced absence, won the triple crown at Wimbledon. After the war was over, someone must have decided that, as a victim of Nazi persecution (they had also sent him to the Russian front as a private soldier), Von Cramm should be allowed back. I remember seeing him there during the early rounds in 1947, elegant as ever, an anachronism in long, yellowing flannels among all the tanned legs and workmanlike American shorts, his beautiful fluid style swamped, finally, by the serve-and-volley giants of the first



Wimbledon would be electrified by this superb costume designed by Erté in 1920 for Harper's Bazaar. *The tennis sweater is of finely-knitted lemon-yellow silk; a lattice of threads and jade-green beads trims the sleeves and—a practical touch—forms big pockets in which to carry tennis balls. The cap is of rolled silk trimmed with beads, and even the tennis balls are pleasingly decadent. Russian-born Erté, whose magazine designs are now collectors' items, contributed to* Harper's *for twenty-two years; Designs by Erté (129pp. Constable, £3.60) contains a large selection of his contributions, including eight cover designs in colour, and is prefaced by some of his letters and his descriptions of his roles. The designs have been selected and introduced by Stella Blum.*

GIANNI CLERICI: *The Ultimate Tennis Book: 500 Years of the Sport*. 335pp. Chicago: Follett Publishing Company. $24.95.

World of Tennis '76. Edited by John Barrett and compiled by Lance Tingay. 352pp. Queen Anne Press. £2.75.

RICH KOSTER: *The Tennis Bubble: Big Money Tennis—How it Goes and Where it's Going*. 200pp. New York: Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co. $8.95.

MAX ROBERTSON: *Wimbledon 1877-1977*. 163pp. Arthur Barker. £4.50.

BJÖRN BORG: *The Björn Borg Story*. Translated from the Swedish by John Tate. 96pp. Pelham Books. £2.50.

BILLIE JEAN KING with KIM CHAPIN: *Billie Jean: An Autobiography*. 208pp. W. H. Allen. £2.95.

PETER ROWLEY with KEN ROSEWALL: *Rosewall: Twenty Years at the Top*. 239pp. Cassell. £4.50.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG and BUD COLLINS with VICTOR EDWARDS: *Evonne*. 191pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £2.95.

GWEN ROBYNS: *Wimbledon: The Hidden Drama*. 200pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.75 (paperback, 95p).

ARTHUR ASHE with FRANK DEFORD: *Portrait in Motion: The Arthur Ashe Diary*. 272pp. Stanley Paul. £3.95.

FRANK DEFORD: *Big Bill Tilden*. 286pp. Gollancz. £5.25.

post-war American invasion. It is pleasant to remember then he went on to win the national German championships again in 1948 and 1949.

When the professionals finally got control of the game and their hands on the big money, it is hardly surprising that one or two of them, out of sheer reaction (and these were the exception rather than the rule), behaved as the new rich are always tempted to do with barnstorming and totally self-centred irresponsibility. They made scenes that would not be tolerated for five seconds in any other sport. If they had a choice between playing in the Davis Cup and some well-funded commercial tournament, they took the money and ran. They threw matches, they badmouthed linesmen, they hit balls into the stands. They were disciplined or fined, and went straight out and did it again. As a result, to a lot of people's intense annoyance, they were also first-class box-office draws. World Team Tennis took the hint, and now actively encourages what is euphemistically known as "audience participation", a polite phrase that covers barracking, beer-cans, and the kind of ruckus that England normally only sees after a Cup Final. And thereby hangs a tale. As Larry King, Billie Jean's energetic husband, pointed out recently, "Tournaments must have sponsors. Team Tennis can make it on owners and tickets." It also pays its players salaries and retirement benefits, an immensely attractive device in realistic terms, from the professional's point of view WTT offers enormous advantages. What it lacks, of course, is the old formal glamour, which probably explains its uncertain fluctuations. But for that glamour nothing can replace championship tournaments; the tournaments, with their ever-increasing cash jackpots, now depend (as Mr King says) on sponsors; and the sponsors are indissolubly tied-in with American television, which therefore shows a quite remarkable amount of tennis.

Yet the viewing public, obstinately, refuses to be impressed. Despite relentless salesmanship, the sport stands about knee-high to that proverbial snake in the Nielsen ratings: only hockey, with a limited and regional appeal, does worse. Open any local American paper at the sports section, and you will find tennis relegated to the back page, if reported at all. America's estimated 34,000,000 weekend players apparently prefer banging a ball about themselves to watching experts do it, however dramatically, on the box. Television executives, however, play tennis—not to mention golf, another over-exposed game—and like to feel they are reaching their own kind of person (solid income, bursting with good taste, natural high-level consumers). For this reason they keep optimistically telling each other that the tennis millennium is just around the corner, that the trade is sitting on a goldmine if it could only find the right way to extract the ore. Meanwhile, the fans watch football, baseball, basketball, even bowling, in preference. No wonder Bill Riordan, probably the best hated man in tennis, though there's strong competition, still pulls such weight: his challenge matches actually attract a sizable television audience. Yet even so, the highest ratings ever, for the Riggs-King extravaganza, showed about 40 million viewers—not much over half the audience that regularly tunes in for the Super Bowl or the World Series.

There is, thus, considerable temptation nowadays to treat tennis as part of the broad-and-circuses entertainment industry. The tennis bubble of Mr Koster's title is fragile indeed. Withdraw the sponsors, and a great deal of the new hoopla would instantly subside. Backers such as Lamar Hunt genuinely love the game, but that shrewd Texan wheeler-dealer has not turned sports impresario exclusively for the pleasure of promoting jackpot circuits. Take away the television coverage, Mr. Koster argues, and Hunt would get out of tennis. I am inclined to agree. And then what would happen to the World Championship of Tennis (WCT), not to mention WTT, the Grand Prix circuit—and the women? Billie Jean King (whose autobiography, which I would guess was only mildly ghosted, reveals a more vulnerable and attractive personality than that suggested by her much-touted public front) has indeed put women's tennis on the map, and in a way that should get credit from aficionados and equal-rights advocates alike. Yet she must know, better than most, that the lynch-pin of her success with the Women's Tennis Association (WTA) has been Philip Morris's sponsorship of the Virginia Slims circuit; without that crucial backing the picture would not look nearly so rosy. The next decade, in fact, is likely to be critical for the game's future; not even television executives, a notoriously romantic breed under their hardboiled exteriors, will be content to await the millennium for ever.

Meanwhile, after a period of confusing (and often traumatic) readjustment, the professionals have been busily setting their own house in order, with some success. The publicity has always tended to go to the rebels, the showy mavericks who make good copy. We should, rather, pay tribute to the dedicated administrators like Arthur Ashe, whose selfless work for the ATP has done more than people often realize to stabilize the various volatile factions all struggling for a bigger slice of that glittering gilded cake. The accident of Ashe being black has, inevitably, involved him more than anyone in the racial aspects of sport: his 1973 South African trip, recorded with telling effect in the laconic, yet often highly emotional, diary entries of *Portrait in Motion*, clearly made an enormous and more than symbolic impact on him. This distracts attention from the fact that, quite irrespective of colour, he is about the most intriguing personality in tennis today, and that the game's most articulate intellectual. (Vilas writes poetry, Virginia Wade is a mathematician who reads Henry James between matches, but neither conveys quite that prismatic spark of pure excitement that Ashe somehow generates.) *Portrait in Motion* reveals, above all, a penetrating, original, energetic mind, with never a cliché in sight. No accident that it should have been Ashe who recognized the uniqueness of Wimbledon.

Because Wimbledon *is* unique. When every allowance has been made for cosy traditionalism and the kind of anecdotal gush about royalty which at times makes Gwen Robyns's book such an embarrassment, that unquestioned fact remains. With all the arguments about sponsorship, professionalism, and publicity, what really matters—the tennis—is sometimes in danger of being forgotten. The roll-call of great matches described in such evocative detail by Max Robertson should bring us back to the heart of the matter. We all have our personal memories of Wimbledon. For me it is the tension and hidden drama of Budge's 1938 duel with Von Cramm, red hair against blond, with the shadow of war at the back of everyone's mind (that phone-call from Hitler penetrated the crowd as though by osmosis), and Munich only a month or two off; it is Drobny, defying age and his own quirks to pull off one of the greatest, certainly one of the most popular, finals victories of all time; above all, it is the incomparable Maria Bueno. When she came back last summer she must have torn many nostalgic hearts: besides, mine, Romantic? Certainly: romance is built into Wimbledon along with the tradition, that is part of its fascination and power. (Who has not put up a prayer that this year, at last, Ilie Nastase might capture the title that has eluded him for so long?) Millionaire entrepreneurs and the sirens of television can do their worst elsewhere; Wimbledon does not depend on them. Let an American visitor have the last word: "There may not always be an England, but by God, sir, there'll always be a Wimbledon." Amen and hallelujah: in this centenary month let me offer my own tribute, as a long-time devotee, to one of England's oddest, most admirable, and most paradoxical institutions.

The Australian novelist Russell Braddon produces his own fictional version of the Wimbledon struggle in *The Finalists* (224pp. Michael Joseph. £4.25). Twenty-three-year-old Australian Gary King meets Vissarion Tsarapkin, "the gifted 18-year-old Russian prodigy". The two men play the longest five-setter ever known, watched by vast crowds and also by a gunman, who is preparing to shoot both the Queen and the eventual match winner. Jack Kramer says of the book: "Definitely the best tennis novel I have ever read."

Inside and outside

By Richard Kindersley

VANE IVANOVIC:
LX
Memoirs of a Jugoslav
435pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.

Vane Ivanović's portrait on the jacket of *LX* shows a strikingly handsome man immaculately dressed, cuffs shot, cigar in hand, a Top Person who has stayed on top and now surveys the world with a faint smile of sad distaste. These first impressions prove to be not far wrong: education at Westminster and Peterhouse, Olympic hurdling, authorship of books on spear fishing, the entrée to a shipping dynasty founded by his stepfather, a happy marriage to an Englishwoman of independent means, houses in London, Majorca and the Caribbean, the post of Consul-General of Monaco in Britain, all these attributes seem to confirm that Mr Ivanović (unlike his own father) has managed his life well. His subtitle—"Memoirs of a Jugoslav"—is significant. It makes the point that Mr Ivanović, for all his pro-British sentiments and British connections, has not become British; a natural insider, he has remained without his proper ambient. But "Jugoslav" should also be understood here in its Jugoslav context: Mr Ivanović, of mixed Serb and Croat blood, belonged by birth to those who helped to found the new Jugoslav kingdom of 1918.

Not that Mr Ivanović's life has been primarily a political one. Much of his book is chit-chat about family, friends and acquaintances (disarmingly, one chapter is headed "Name-dropper's Corner"); but there are a few matters on which the author invites more serious attention, notably Olympic sport, shipping and war-time Jugoslavia. On the first of these, his views are, in the best sense of the word, reactionary: he favours a return from today's nationalism to the original Olympic ideal of the individual athlete, while his proposal to eliminate sports in which results are dependent on judges' assessments rather than on measurements gains some topicality from the current suspension of the Soviet international ice-skating judges.

Mr Ivanović's account of his shipping career will be of some interest to students of Jugoslav history. His stepfather was Bozo Banac, the heir to a business founded in part by transporting, on credit, Jugoslav emigrants to America at the turn of the century. Vicissitudes in both world wars, when the ships were put at British disposal, were overcome, so that when Mr Ivanović, faced with buying ever larger vessels, preferred to sell up in 1967, he could say with satisfaction that he had been able "to buy ships in times of depression and sell in boom times, and so to . . . amass sufficient funds for a very large family to live in affluence for a generation". Such an unabashed exemplification of the profit motive is rather refreshing; and it may come as a slight surprise to find that Mr Ivanović then made an arrangement with self-managed Jugoslav enterprises which he claims to be such a genuine partnership between entrepreneur and workers that it has remained totally free of labour troubles.

Almost a quarter of the book, however, is devoted to Jugoslavia at war, and here Mr Ivanović, though disclaiming qualifications as a historian, takes issue with the record at some important points: indeed, he regards much of it as "victors' bunk". His main argument is that the British decision to switch support from Mihailović and the Četniks to Tito and the Partisans was taken much earlier in 1943 than is generally thought, and on incomplete and tendentiously selected evidence. This can be seen, he believes, by studying the roles played by individuals, particularly the precise influence on decision-making at the highest level of such figures as Colonel Deakin and Brigadier Maclean. Was it, as Mr Ivanović suggests, not so much Deakin's appreciations as his personal links with Churchill which started the chain of successive decisions (which should, perhaps, be more clearly distinguished than Mr Ivanović allows) first to contact the partisans as well as Mihailović, then to give them assistance, then to require action of Mihailović as a condition of further support, and finally to abandon him? Did the selection of Maclean in itself reflect a decision to shift support? Was Tito able to manipulate Maclean (to whom Mr Ivanović is consistently hostile) because he knew through communists and sympathizers in Special Operations Executive just what Maclean's reports were saying?

Mr Ivanović answers all these questions with a firm, but not always convincing "yes". For one thing, although he professes to relate only what he knows himself, his relevant first-hand knowledge proves to be rather insubstantial. Nor is his treatment of historical sources always careful. It is part of his thesis that Deakin briefed Churchill on behalf of SOE in Cairo in January 1943. Here Mr Ivanović bases himself on Basil Davidson's (then anonymous) review in the *TLS* of October 22, 1971, of Deakin's *The Embattled Mountain*. But Mr Davidson offered Deakin's supposed interview with Churchill at this date as inaugurating a hypothesis rather than as hard fact. It is still a hypothesis, awaiting confirmation or denial by document or participants.

Moreover Deakin, and subsequently Maclean, were far from being the only channels of information about the guerrilla movements in Jugoslavia. As became clear from the London University conference of 1973 (to which Mr Ivanović refers), at least three other sources were of prime importance: intercepts of German wireless traffic, the foreign press, and a long series of telegrams sent by Major Hudson after Colonel Bailey's arrival at Četnik headquarters at the end of 1942.

But even if all these sources gave a favourable picture of Partisan activity, this would still not prove Mr Ivanović's thesis of an early British decision to shift support. In the autumn of 1943, of nineteen British missions in Jugoslavia, eleven were with the Četniks, and most of these had gone in during the year. It would be, to say the least, an odd way to implement such a decision.

This is not to say that the war in Jugoslavia is a finished subject. Some of Mr Ivanović's questions deserve documented answers, though they may not be those which are found in his book.

A letter redrawn from the Book of Kells, reproduced in a new edition of The Triads of Britain, *with an introduction by Malcolm Smith (112pp. Wildwood House. £2.95 paperback). The 126 triads, symbolic three-fold divisions in the history of Celtic Britain (three tribes, three invasions, three plagues, etc), collected or concocted by the antiquarian Iolo Morganwg, were first published in 1801.*

Dame Edith's slave

By Sewell Stokes

JEAN BATTERS:
Edith Evans
A Personal Memoir
159pp. Hart-Davis, Macgibbon. £4.50.

No man is a hero to his valet, but every woman is a heroine to her best friend. Since however a genuine friendship never developed between Dame Edith Evans and Jean Batters, her secretary (and incidentally general factotum and willing slave) over a period of twenty-five years, this "personal memoir" is for the most part unbiased. It is, too, considering the infinite patience the author was called upon to exercise during her lengthy engagement, commendably uncomplaining.

If I felt particularly anti-Edith, I would take myself to a play or film in which she was appearing and watch with delight this amazing woman who bore no resemblance to the woman I knew in Albany. Every scrap of ill-feeling would be washed away and I would return home ready for any sacrifice on the altar of such a magnificent actress.

The affection she had for her employer was only intermittently reciprocated, although whenever a crisis arose, as it very often did, Dame Edith invariably looked to her willing slave for comfort and support. Her attitude to Miss Batters she made plain at the outset of their association, when the latter nervously expressed her inability to cope with the actress's "words" owing to a stammer. "I'm not interested in your stammer" she was told, "I'm only interested in having my words heard." Nothing and no one could deflect she Dame from her purpose, and in the years that followed the secretary heard her words through eleven plays, without the murmur of a stammer.

Presenting an actress in a book is always a tricky proposition. The "deglamorizing" without which the portrait is likely to lack conviction can so easily be unflattering, causing the reader to regret in the end that the footlights have been crossed, the dressing-room door burst open, and the privacy of home invaded. Here the author adopts something of the Boswellian approach to her subject. Discarding the fetters of chronology, she reveals with a wealth of significant detail a lively personality which, if it disappoints those who knew the star only in those brief intervals when the curtain was up, can scarcely fail to intrigue them.

Referring to an occasion when a nerve-racked Dame Edith infuriated Noël Coward by deciding at the last moment that she was too unwell to attend the final dress-rehearsal of *Hay Fever*, Miss Batters gives the playwright full credit for not mentioning this crisis in public: "Speaking of Edith on television he said only the nicest things. He was a great professional, and as such did not wash professional dirty linen in public."

The Master's example is not followed by Miss Batters, who throughout this memoir exposes to view a quantity of unlaundered material. But the many defects cited in the Dame's character are so evenly balanced by lavish praise that one is never conscious of a distorting influence at work. Indeed the criticisms provide a reasonable excuse for the unfortunate impression the actress quite often made upon those who knew and worked with her. By nature she was too reserved to be as gregarious as many of her fellow artists. She kept her distance and encouraged them to do likewise. Her control of an audience to some extent reflected this inborn facet of her character. "I think", says the author, "she looked upon them as a lot of children who had to be kept kindly but firmly in order, and unlike Dame Sybil Thorndike, who loved her audience, Edith kept hers at a distance."

The publishers of a forthcoming biography have seen fit to inform all the literary editors in London that their offering is the "authentic version" of Dame Edith's life, the implication being that any other book on the subject need not be taken seriously. Authentic their version may be, but it is hard to believe that Miss Batters's memoir will not remain certainly the most intimate account of how possibly the greatest English actress since Mrs Siddons performed from day to day—offstage.

The middle-class talking shop

By Stephen Koss

NORMAN AND JEAN MacKENZIE:
The First Fabians
446pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.50.

Although Beatrice Webb was said to have disdained marriage as "the wastepaper-basket of the emotions", married couples figured prominently on the roster of the early Fabians. Along with Beatrice and her Sidney, whose partnership was pivotal, they included the Pease (Edward and Marjorie), the Oliviers (Sydney and Margaret), the Blands (Hubert and Edith), the Wallases (Graham and Ada), and the Shaws (Bernard and Charlotte); in due course they were joined by the Coles (G. D. H. and Margaret). It is appropriate, therefore, that the latest account of the Fabian Society, *The First Fabians*, should bour the hallmark of another husband-and-wife team, Norman and Jean MacKenzie.

This is not to imply, by any means, that Professor and Mrs MacKenzie are unduly concerned to celebrate their subjects as models of connubial respectability. On the contrary, it is the bohemian strain that is constantly emphasized in this fascinating group portrait. As much by their marital arrangements as by their Fabian affiliations, which were seldom mutually exclusive, most of these individuals deliberately flouted late-Victorian social convention. Even Beatrice Webb, a figure usually chiselled out of snow-white marble, is convincingly depicted as a creature of passion. On the rebound from "Radical Joe" Chamberlain, she hesitatingly accepted a proposal from the unprepossessing Sidney, whose photograph she returned with the request: "Let me have your hand only—it is the hand only that I am marrying." Yet the MacKenzies convincingly depict her as a captive of "powerful emotions", which, more stringently than her companions of both sexes, she proved able to sublimate.

Unlike previous chronicles of Fabian activity, which have concentrated on the cerebral side of the movement, the MacKenzies' book pays far greater attention to personalities than to programmes. Dame Margaret Cole, whose outstanding contribution to Fabian studies is properly acknowledged at the outset, was—and happily remains—too closely involved with the history of the society to recount its "story" with critical detachment. A. M. McBriar, who presented an indispensable corrective to her interpretation, thereby relieved the MacKenzies of the obligation to evaluate Fabian doctrine, its origin and its influence. Subsequently scholarly works, which the authors of *The First Fabians* note without necessarily taking into account, likewise left them free to subordinate ideology to narrative, analysis to anecdote.

The result is always entertaining, sometimes unexpectedly stimulating, but occasionally irritating. To Edith Bland (better known as Edith Nesbit), the young Fabians might have been "quite the nicest set of people I ever knew". But they emerge from this collective biography as denizens of "the netherworld of dissent", tormented by uncertainties which were variously theological, psychological, and sexual. At odds with themselves no less than with society, they adopted a common political commitment to relieve feelings of loneliness, disappointment, and even desperation. Far from being confident to the point of arrogance, the first Fabians are depicted as frail and pathetic men and women who, having achieved their "individuality . . . by shedding the social and religious assumptions of childhood", had been left "emotionally impaired by the struggle to liberate themselves". Consequently, they were unable either to form genuine personal relationships or, concomitantly, to risk their "special identity" by entering into active alliances with larger political entities.

This argument carries greater conviction in certain cases than in others, but it is employed indiscriminately. Pease, to whom the MacKenzies introduce us first, had lost his base in provincial Quakerism and felt "frustrated and morally contaminated" by his lucrative job in the City. Craving an "outlet" for his "sense of 'social compunction'", he tried and rejected psychic research before offering his rooms in Osnaburgh Street for the inaugural meeting of the Fellowship of the New Life, which gave issue to the Fabian Society. His associates included Thomas Davidson, who, "studying all the philosophies . . . never found one that satisfied him", and William Clarke, "desperingly anxious for some stimulus to help him break free of the psychic paralysis which left him feeling morbid and ineffective". At this stage, the impetus was explicitly "religious, spiritual, ideal", rather than political.

Seven months later, on May 10, 1884, Shaw put in his first puckish appearance. By his own admission, he was "an incorrigible Unemployable" who "suffered agonies that no one suspected". Annie Besant, embarked on her "long search for an engrossing but celibate affection", followed at his heels. So did Webb, whom Shaw had met at a meeting of the Zetetical Society in 1880, and who was quietly reacting against his Alllite father. Jilted by a young woman, Webb felt himself becoming (as he wrote to Wallas) "distinctly *more* atheistic than before". The Fabians gave him an outlet ("a key word in the MacKenzies' vocabulary) "for his pent-up energies". Hubert Bland, "an assiduous philanderer", was similarly received. Later arrivals in this "middle-class talking shop" included Ramsay MacDonald ("an ambivalent personality, alternating between romantic ambition and sudden loss of nerve") and Charlotte Payne-Townshend ("already turned thirty-eight, she had so far found nothing to which she could devote her energies or substantial resources"), whose five-pound subscription attested to "the degree of her convictions".

But, at least by the MacKenzies' criteria, the classic recruit was not the future Mrs Shaw, but the future Mrs Webb. By the age of sixteen, Beatrice Potter had strayed from "the path of orthodox religion", and she thereafter sought fulfilment in social service. From 1883 to 1887, she suffered a sustained "emotional crisis" during which "the haunting idea of suicide was never far from her thoughts". Early in 1890 she met Sidney, who wore "a fur from immaculate waistcoat" and who promptly fell in love with her. "A year of love, accepted but not given", followed, during which he implored her "not to crush out feeling". More than his proffered devotion, what appealed to her "was the tie of friendship which knit the inner group of Fabians together: 'it is singularly trustful—you really care for each other'", she wrote to Sidney in wonderment.

Before Miss Potter could become Mrs Webb, let alone the high priestess of Fabianism, she had to divest herself of her lingering "individualistic antecedents". The MacKenzies describe the courtship in amusing detail, and deal with insight as well as compassion with the Webbs' married life. Their attention to Shaw's burgeoning career as a dramatist tends, on the other hand, to be a distraction, however delightful his exchanges with Ellen Terry and Mrs Patrick Campbell. Like the sections on H. G. Wells, who appeared on the scene too late to merit the prominence he is accorded, these later chapters are tangential and diffuse. Reflecting the Fabian Society itself, the book gradually loses cohesion and direction: the sense of fraternity is more pronounced than that of purpose.

The structure of *The First Fabians* may have been dictated, to some extent, by the sprawling shape of the society. Perhaps, too, it was unavoidable in this day and age for the authors to take a psychobiographical approach and to feature Shaw and the Webbs at the expense of lesser luminaries. (Graham Wallas seems to get particularly short shrift.)

Less pardonable, however, is the crude brushwork with which the MacKenzies have filled in the social and political background. They accept unquestioningly their subjects' testimony on Liberal politicians and tactics, including errors of fact. "Nonconformist" is repeatedly used as a euphemism for "reactionary"; that Lord Rosebery (with whom the leading Fabians engaged in a *fin de siècle* flirtation) functioned as a bulwark against narrow-minded "Nonconformist elements in the Liberal Party", would have come as a rude shock to the likes of R. W. Perks and Sir Henry Fowler. It is conveniently forgotten that Dr John Clifford, the Baptist clergyman who led the passive resistance campaign against the 1902 Education Act (which the Webbs heartily favoured), had been a Fabian tractarian. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is treated so slightingly as to be shorn of his "Sir", and the rise of Lloyd George within the party hierarchy is considerably produced. It is incorrect that Gladstone "offered the policy of Home Rule" in the early 1880s, and more than a shade doubtful whether Asquith provided salaries for MPs (which he had long advocated) "in exchange for Labour votes" after the parliamentary deadlock of 1910.

Notwithstanding such careless slips, and some confusion when it comes to assigning places on the "left" and "right" of the political spectrum, the MacKenzies tell their story with all the "whoosh" which one would expect of the accomplished biographers of Wells (who aimed to impart that vital quality to his Fabian associates). Neither patronizing nor didactic, they permit the Fabians to express their beliefs — and contradictions — in their own words. At the end of June 1897, for example, Mrs Webb observed that everyone was "drunk with sight-seeing and hysterical loyalty" to the Queen's Jubilee. She herself gave a dinner in honour of the occasion. Shaw, who did not share her enthusiasm for this "giestly wicked wasteful folly", complained to Ellen Terry: "The Jubilee business makes me sick—ugh!" True to form, the society straddled the fence in its official policy, "They decided not to sing the national anthem at their annual dinner", the MacKenzies relate, "but they did subscribe one guinea towards the cost of the decorations in the Strand." The present editor of the *New Statesman*, a journal that survives as a legacy of the first Fabians, can claim a Shavian precedent for his own recent anti-Jubilee tirade. But Beatrice would have sternly disapproved.

Peninsular past

By M. C. Ricklefs

N. J. RYAN:
A History of Malaysia and Singapore
322pp. Oxford University Press. £16.

This is a new edition of Ryan's 1963 history of Malaya, reset and "substantially rewritten". It is also, according to the blurb, "produced in a more elegant format"; in other words, it is much more expensive. There are other such works of synthesis, but Ryan's is notable for its inclusion of Singapore. The text extends from earliest times to the early 1970s, with a reference to the death of Tun Abdul Razak in January 1976. Attempting to cover such a large subject in just over 300 pages of text necessarily means that the narrative remains at a superficial level. Even in this revised edition, however, one notices inaccuracies which are not to be explained solely by the imperative of superficiality.

In the modern period complicated events are briefly described with an authoritative air which is not always appropriate. In the earlier period there are many problems; for example the map showing the progress of Islam is inaccurate and that showing "South-East Asia c. 1680" is misleading. The bibliography has some notable omissions.

The book is not, therefore, entirely reliable. It may have value as a school text, but the price suggests that this is not the readership in which the publishers are hoping to sell it.

Spirit levels

By D. J. Enright

JULIA BRIGGS:
Night Visitors
The Rise and Fall of the English Ghost Story
238pp. Faber. £6.95.

Julia Briggs's subject is a rich one, but it cannot honestly be said that her treatment elicits all its riches. What bedevils *Night Visitors* is a dutiful attempt at comprehensiveness, the fair and fatal Cleopatra of academic writers. Hence such anaesthetic pronouncements as "A favourite form for stories of magic, enchantment or encounters with the non-human was the ballad, part of popular oral tradition", or "Hawthorne's influence on James's early work was very strong". In the midst of this fuzz and buzz the occasional quotation from Shakespeare rings out heart and mind-piercingly.

To her credit, the author takes her subject seriously, as it deserves, even if at times so solemnly that she threatens not to pulse the ghost story but to bag it with full literary-historical rites. There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that the nineteenth-century Catholic French were smarter at being "decadent" than the genteel C of E English with their "unspeakables" and "indescribables".

Mrs. Briggs is infinitely more engaging when she pauses from names-and-dates and porting of plots and speaks for herself. "The combination of modern scepticism with a nostalgia for an older, more supernatural system of beliefs provides the foundation of the ghost story." Ghosts have to do with death and afterwards, the only remaining undiscovered country from whose bourn no foreign correspondent has returned. The ghost brings us if not hard news at least intimations of a world elsewhere, and, like the idea of God, it both scares and comforts, though perhaps performing one function more efficiently than the other. Dr Johnson's comment on the appearance of spirits of the dead, which the author quotes, is central to the subject: "All argument is against it; but all belief is for it." Johnson also remarked of such apparitions that "a total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day"—and even progressive post-atomic man is on average less than eager to embrace his own non-immortality.

But why, one might ask, are spirits almost always evil? We know that demons are easier to create than saints, and more entertaining, and we grant the degree of masochism or guilt or whatever it is that makes us desire to be frightened. Further than that, we must suppose that, unlike evil ones, good spirits are quite happy where they are, and normally reluctant to interfere, however benevolently, in mortal affairs: they are presumably privy to God's great plan, but rarely needed as agents of it. What *do* they do then, this silent majority? We are back to the old embarrassment: we have a fair idea of what goes on in hell, but heaven remains a closed book.

Mrs Briggs devotes a commentary of Shakespearean proportions to that "flawed achievement" *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, though to me it seems a would-be sophisticated fable relying too heavily on the "unspeakable" (what *does* Dorian get up to? What *are* those "curious stories" and "strange rumours" we do not actually hear?) and wooden in comparison with the best tales in that mode by E. T. A. Hoffmann. But she is excellent on Walter de la Mare, and instructive on M. R. James, whose attitude to ghosts was rather more sceptical than Johnson's. She observes that his ghost stories "seem almost to parody his scholarly investigations into Holy Writ" in their use of biblical and antiquarian references. She also notes the irony whereby James remains famous for his stories while his dedicated work in theology has long been superseded. Therein lies a lesson for Christian sceptics, including those unbuttoned members of the cloth who have given up belief in everything connected with their job except pop music and television appearances. In passing, Mrs Briggs remarks that Kingsley Amis's novel *The Green Man* is probably "the most sustained tribute to the antiquary", even though James would have been shocked by some of its goings-on: "Kingsley Amis has remained remarkably faithful to the spirits of his original." This must be her one joke, since the reference to "the Holy Ghost, unrecognized by the apostles on the road to Emmaus" is doubtfully so intended.

She tells us that in "Carmilla" Le Fanu "shows modern psychological insights by linking the horror of the vampiric relationship with the theme of perverse sexuality, which it enhances and emphasizes". This is like saying that people were unaware of the weather until the London Weather Centre was set up. The decline (which she too readily assumes) of the ghost story since the early decades of this century Mrs Briggs attributes in part to the unsurpassable horrors of the Great War and in part to the dissemination of Freud's theories. Yet the war yielded its own crop of ghosts, and as for Freud, he is surely himself a writer of horror stories of some note. Freud was no fool, but any writer, or any genre, that needs to be endorsed or that can be invalidated by him must be a foolish one. The latter part of *Night Visitors* contradicts this assumption of decline: if fewer names are dropped, the names are much weightier.

Mrs Briggs is nearer the mark, stimulatingly so, when she describes science fiction as the natural successor to the ghost story, being "better suited to an age at once more materialistic and more obviously endangered by its own technology". The best science fiction is not itself materialistic in mood—the imaginative is not likely to be—but even "idealistic", as for instance in the common juxtaposition of a lively aspiring race or individual against a safe tamed one, or the postulation of an "Unknown" which continues to move ahead of the advancing boundaries of science and technology. Science fiction may well be the most haunted, least materialistic department of contemporary writing. It is certainly less inclined to do dirt on creation than most.

The book's final paragraph pronounces an epitaph on the ghost story. In our day attitudes to the inner life have changed, and we are now offered the freedom to feel or act irrationally, spontaneously and uninhibitedly. In short, we can do our own spiritual thing. And so, we are told, the ghost story finds no place any longer, for it depends "on a certain superstitious dread both of ourselves and our surroundings, and once such feelings have been nearly tided away, its *raison d'être* has gone". This strikes me as an altogether too cheerfully or complacently hygienic view of things, and if I were Mrs Briggs I would invest in a Fatima's hand and hang bunches of garlic round my study. Though you drive supernature out with a pitchfork, it will ever return.

More fiction than science

By Julian Symons

HAROLD BEAVER (Editor):
The Science Fiction of Edgar Allan Poe
429pp. Penguin. 90p.

Poe is the acknowledged founding father of the detective story. Did he beget science fiction as well? Harold Beaver points out in his introduction that Jules Verne acknowledged a debt to Poe, and that at least one French critic has called him the creator of the "roman merveilleux-scientifique". Well, it depends on what you call science fiction. "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar", included here, is about the possible prolongation of life by means of mesmerism. Mr Valdemar is apparently dead, but is maintained in a state of trance for seven months. When taken out of the trance he asserts as he has done before, that he is dead, and almost instantly crumbles into "a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putridity". A horrific anecdote, taken as genuine by many people at the time, but is it science fiction? "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" is a tedious rhetorical account of the end of the world. "The System of Dr Tarr and Prof Fether" an entertaining picture of the insane taking over a private madhouse. If these are to be called science fiction, the term seems so widely descriptive as to be almost meaningless.

But here are various pieces, science fiction or not, gathered together in a bag big enough to hold a great many oddities. They include the long prose poem *Eureka*, about the origins and fate of the universe, which ends with the statement "That God may be all in all, each must become God." There are several stories (some are really essays, with a fictional tag perfunctorily added) which suggest ideas elaborated in *Eureka*, and a variety of jokes and hoaxes, including the "Balloon-Hoax" which fooled readers of the *New York Sun* into believing that the Atlantic had been crossed in three days, by means of a balloon invented by the aeronaut Monck Mason, who rode in it accompanied among others by Harrison Ainsworth. It was the particularity and accumulation of detail that made Poe's hoaxes convincing. He was not so much interested in science, which he placed a bad second to intuition (in *Eureka* he went so far as to claim that mathematical demonstration simply did not exist), as in the possibilities for speculation about the spiritual life that science offered.

Since mesmerism was a fact, why not play with the idea that you could keep the dead alive by it? What a lark if you could make people believe, through weight of detail, that lead could be turned into gold ("Von Kempelen and His Discovery"), or if you could appear to apply scientific principles to a very palpable joke about a journey to the moon ("Hans Pfaall"). As Harold Beaver says, there is an element of burlesque in almost all of the fifteen stories here, but there is also—as he does not say—an element of total seriousness. In much of his work Poe wanted to deceive himself as well as other people. He was prepared to go along with any sort of critical reaction to his writings, to claim that "The Raven" was no more than a technical exercise yet to agree with those critics who called it a wonderful poem, to exult in the success of the detective stories but to play down their merits in the next breath. A story like "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" expressed very genuinely Poe's semi-necrophilia fantasies, but to those deceived into thinking it true he could say just as genuinely that it was all a joke, with the implication that they were among the fools born every minute. On the whole the stories produced by this double vision are his weakest, least intensely felt work. Only three or four of the pieces here would be likely to find a place in a reasonably selective anthology.

The editing is in a scholarly sense exemplary. Almost all Poe's imaginative prose work appeared more than once, and he revised with each new publication. Victorian editors simply printed whatever version was to hand, and even today we lack established texts of all the stories based on Poe's final versions. Mr Beaver gives the dates of first and subsequent publications in Poe's lifetime, uses the final texts, and indicates in his commentaries important textual changes. The commentaries, which occupy nearly 100 pages, go a great deal further, including notes on all sorts of contemporary scientific material, and an appendix giving a chronology of post-Newtonian developments in physics, astronomy, electrochemistry, aeronautics etc in the century preceding the appearance of *Eureka*". This is surely taking Poe's scientific pretensions much too seriously. His basic concern in almost all his visionary writing was to explain the universe in poetic terms, as the creation of an imaginative and intuitive artist remarkably like himself. Much of his scientific material was simply stage scenery, props, for what he conceived as poetic truths. Much more was commonplace, like the pages of *Eureka* given to describing such things as the time it would take a cannon-ball "flying at the greatest velocity with which such a ball has ever been known to fly" to reach the sun.

In general Mr Beaver, like many other recent critics, treats Poe with the wrong kind of seriousness. The fifteen pages of notes he gives relating to "The Unparalleled Adventures of one Hans Pfaall" contain much information about Poe's interest in astronomy and force the reader to several scientific statements, but they impose a burden of heavy importance upon a very lightweight hoax. He is also a great searcher for subterranean meanings. Hans Pfaall was also called Phaal, Pheal and Phaall in variants of the story, and if you invert Phaal "what sound do you hear but 'laugh'?" Ingenious but then why did Poe put that obtrusive "f" into the final version?

In all versions the name remains. Mr Beaver also of phallus, so that when Poe says that "there are two modes of discussion . . . ascent and descent" this is made to support an idea that the name suggests "both erection and detumescence". He believes also that this joke about a bankrupt bellows-mender from Rotterdam who drops a manuscript about his balloon adventures onto the city is "Poe's own alcoholic send-up of a Grub Street hack, carried off by his own hot air". Well, this may be so, but nothing in the story suggests it, and no evidence is offered to support the idea. There are several similar conjectures in the notes about other stories, conjectures of which one can say only that they are not likely to be true, and that if they are true they are not important. There is one small correction to be made on a matter of fact. Catterina, the Poe cat, whose name like Pfaall exists in other spellings (is that significant, now?), was not black (page 349) but tortoiseshell.

"Death the Traveller" (1923), a signed lithograph by Ernst Barlach which was in a sale of important modern prints held by Christie's yesterday in London. The sale included notable works by Fantin-Latour, Gauguin, German Expressionists, Picasso, Braque and Chagall.

The aliens of Othertime

By Alastair Fowler

C. S. LEWIS:
The Dark Tower and other stories
Edited by Walter Hooper
158pp. Collins. £3.95.

The outstanding item in the collection is its title story. This substantial fragment of seventy-five pages belongs, astonishingly enough, to a fourth Ransom novel. It was probably written, or begun, in 1938, after *Out of the Silent Planet* (1938) but before *Perelandra* (1943) and *That Hideous Strength* (1945). But, as the concluding letter in the first of those hinted, the mode of transportation here is time travel rather than space travel. In its present state, "The Dark Tower" has flaws of clumsiness that would doubtless have been removed in a final draft. Yet it has the same holding power, the same compulsive readability, as the other parts of what I suppose we should now call the interplanetary tetralogy.

This kind of story suffers less than most from incompleteness. The fictive world of a fantasy is "there" long before the conclusion removes us from it. Lewis had already taken the arduous step of launching out, of beginning the realization, of passing beyond the critical quarter-stage (topmost course of many a dark tower). Why then did he not complete the work? To some extent, of course, he did: some of its themes and motifs and characters (notably MacPhee) reach finality in *That Hideous Strength*. Another part of the answer, however, probably lies in technical difficulties. "The Dark Tower" may well be the story he once mentioned as having given trouble because of the narrative logistics of travelling in time. Lewis was quite enough of a philosopher to see some of the snags in circumventing the paradoxes of time travel. Nor can he be said to have solved the problem of transfer between times quite satisfactorily. But when we look at Othertime through Orfleur's device, and when we go there with Scudamour, the story moves convincingly. The necessary understanding of alien speech is adroitly managed by making Scudamour's mind-transfer allow him to understand utterances but not individual words. And the transient's attempt to find his bearings before his true ignorant identity is discovered—by getting up to the whole alien world during a snatched visit to the library—has been finely imagined.

Better still is what Scudamour half-learns. The Othertime aliens, it seems, are vicious about space but specialists in temporal studies. Their most elementary approach to physics takes for granted not only a backwards-forwards direction of time, but also an "eckwards-andwards" direction. Perhaps in consequence, they enjoy a kind of immortality; although it is one for which Scudamour has (rightly or wrongly) great distaste. This feeling of the distastefully alien, in fact, gives the fragment its unity of mood. Whereas Mulacandra is an old world, and Perelandra young and innocent, Othertime is one that we prefer not to think about. It contains several strongly conceived and subtly nightmarish images; so that we may be tempted to think of the multiple times of "The Dark Tower" as parts of a total world in need of integration.

So far as Lewis took the story, no large theme has clearly emerged: as the editor points out, it was not his way to decide on an allegorical destination beforehand. But there is some suggestion, in the doubling of corresponding characters in the two worlds, that the eventual theme might have concerned substitution. Orfleur's name carries a hint. And there can be no doubt that another theme was to have been the one that later dominated *That Hideous Strength*: totalitarian and collectivist degradation of man. This has its symbol in the Othertime idol: "an image in which a number of small human bodies culminate in a single large head. . . . Shrivelled or bloated forms predominate, and there is a free treatment both of morbid anatomy and of senile sexual characteristics. Then on top there is a huge head—the communal head of all those figures." The master race in Othertime are the unicorn men or stinglingmen, into one of whom Scudamour finds himself transferred. These masters overtly degrade the subject race by an "obscene" ritual, in which they implant poison through their stings. (This has the effect of reducing the victims to automata.) Mystery was perhaps also to have come into the relations of Scudamour with his formidably "modern" fiancée, whose Othertime counterpart is submissive and modest.

Like certain other imaginary worlds, devised by E. R. Eddison, Tolkien and Lewis himself, Othertime is partly composed of material from earlier phases of literature or particular classic authors. If we think of *Perelandra* as Miltonic in ethos, then "The Dark Tower" is Spenserian, or at least in a romance tradition. I am not thinking merely of the names Scudamour and Amoret, nor of the theme of changelings. Even Othertime's elaborately described decorative style is that of interlace:

> There was not so much plain surface as you could lay the point of a penknife on. I think it was this intense crowding of ornament that chiefly produced the disagreeable effect of the place, for I do not recall anything specially grotesque or obscene in any single figure.

The oppressiveness of the mise-en scène resembles that of some of Spenser's places; not least the house of Busirane, with its distasteful mysterious sexual ritual. I mention such literary materials because they tend to be ignored in approaching Lewis's fantasies (an illustrious exception is Colin Manlove's *Modern Fantasy*). Yet they had better be kept in mind when disentangling Lewis's meaning from our own fantasies. It may help to know that he loved William Morris's imaginary worlds, or that he read Eddison's *The Worm Ouroboros* at least five times (to have done so and kept his style uninfected testifies to remarkable discrimination in selecting what was of value).

Having said this, one has to add that in another way "The Dark Tower" is the least literary of all Lewis's fictions. Certainly it is the freshest from allegory and even from paraphrasable meaning. Consciously or unconsciously it approaches an area of mysteriously strong negative feelings and conflicts, untouched elsewhere in his work. Finished, it might have been his best. Yet he would have come into the relations of Scudamour with his formidably "modern" fiancée, whose Othertime counterpart is submissive and modest.

The last item in the collection, "After Ten Years", is a shorter fragment from another full-length work. It tells the story of Menelaus, after the fall of Troy. Although it thus shares an ancient setting with *Till We Have Faces*, this is a tale very different in kind and character. "After Ten Years" was to have been an intricate fast-moving narrative, weaving in and out of the well-known story line. The Homeric epics, Euripides's *Helena* and other classics provided *centos*, around which Lewis planned a *conjointure* of new connections, fresh explanations, peculiar twists. He was interested in episodic narratives that extended existing fictive realms. (I particularly remember his relish for the passage in the *Argonautica* where Jupiter's eagle flies past en route to Prometheus.) The matter of Troy has of course provoked many such stories, from the novel to Ernst Schnabel's *The Voyage Home*. And Lewis could also draw on ancient non-fiction (stranger and more legendary still) following the fortunes of Menelaus after the war.

But "After Ten Years" is also post-Stevensonian. Instead of accepting the old stories much as they came to him, Lewis approached them actively and distinctively. Everything here surprises. Nothing is as we expected. We do not see the Trojan horse through Virgil's eyes, or anyone else's: instead we wait inside in the blank dark, seeing with Menelaus's inner eye. Or take the Euripidean legend, that only a false Helen went to Troy, while the true remained in Egypt, to be discovered later by Menelaus on his way back to Sparta. Here the idea of Helen's double is itself doubled. Lewis leads in to the Egyptian Helen story by having Agamemnon suggest that an imitation Helen be given to the soldiers, to save the real Helen's life. Again, the first confrontation of Menelaus and Helen—a fine passage—is full of shocks. Helen has not kept her beauty (in spite of the legends). She sits at her work, not afraid. She is still a queen. And her first question is about her daughter: "Is she still alive? Is she well?" Menelaus's imagination about how Helen would look are yet another instance of a favourite theme of Lewis's, the false image. But he never treated it more interestingly, nor more tenderly, than in this fragment.

Between these two unfinished pieces come four shorter stories. The first, "The Man Born Blind", has never been published before. It is a not very successful fable, reminiscent of the most minor de la Mare, about seeing the light. The other three have already been reprinted in *Of Other Worlds*: Of these, "The Shoddy Lands" forms an interesting adjunct to *The Great Divorce*; the moral is ejected too quickly from the narrative capsule for it to get far as fiction. "Ministering Angels" is about men on Mars who are sent sexual relief, in the form of an unappetizing tart and a bossy ur-women's-lib scientist. Like almost all comic science fiction, this is self-destructive. Meant as satire of loose thinking about sex, it betrays some of Lewis's own irrational prejudices. "Form of Things Unknown", on the other hand, is a powerful story with a good deal of psychological resonance. It belongs to the unexpected-ending type, however, so that I can say very little without spoiling the first reading for others. Perhaps only this, that the best gloss on the story's treatment of sexual apprehension might be *Epithalamion* line 190.

This volume will probably not win many new readers for Lewis's fiction. But it is a must for students of the development of his rational imagination, as well as for fans of the Ransom stories. And as for those who enjoy continuing unfinished fictions. . . .

There will be further science fiction reviews in next week's TLS.

The quirk ethic

By Susannah Clapp

SHEILA MACLEOD:
Xanthe and the Robots
248pp. Bodley Head. £4.95.

As though its title were not sufficient indication of what is in store, Sheila MacLeod's new novel comes prefaced with a familiar, gloomy snippet from Thomas Szasz: "modern man tries to understand man as if 'it' were a machine."

Xanthe and the Robots takes the point of this message and sets out to tell what amounts to a moral tale—that of a young woman called Xanthe who lives, at some unspecified time in the future, in the Institute for Advanced Robotic Research. Outside the Institute, pollution and desperation are having their way; inside, the father-fixated Xanthe does her best with her robotic humanities program. Life in the Institute is disrupted when some robots are allowed to acquire more distinctively human attributes (menstruation, beating hearts, their own clothes): at the same time Xanthe acquires a young and dashing assistant called Dnimon and her obsession with Pragmapractors and Philophenics (and even her fond thoughts of dalliance with a particularly sympathetic robot) begins to waver: "perhaps I am a fountain rather than a cistern, after all. . . ." When the robots take over, Xanthe and Dnimon are able to scamper off together into the "impalpable future".

Xanthe and the Robots deploys ingenuity in its description of the robots' world, but it is difficult to imagine any novel with those ingredients producing a plot which is surprising or characters which are convincing. Once men and robots have formed their ranks (the difference between the two sides is described here as being like that between a kiss and the internal combustion engine), no one expects a robot morality to triumph: whoever wins or loses, it is "common" humanity that will be reaffirmed. And this hardly makes for fine distinctions. Anxious to lay claims to humanity, characters are driven to desperate expedients. Romance is highly coloured, ushered in by improbably violent incidents and accidents (tumbling down stairs into the hero's arms), and elaborately exotic language—horses with "fulvous manes" and eyes of "variegated amber". People are differentiated by their persistent cleaving to their most recognizable trait: Xanthe to her cluster of neuroses; her lover to his charm; a lovesick friend to her sopphiness; an intellectual friend to her fierceness.

An attempt is made to draw metaphysical as well as social significance from the situation. In her capacity as literary being—whose perceptiveness has remained surprisingly unwithered in seclusion—Xanthe explains to other robot controllers that "we stand in the same relation to our robots as novelists do to their characters". She expands her parallel with reference to the amount of control each kind of creator can exercise over their fictional products: "there's always something unexpected . . . the novelist has failed to account for. Just one little quirk in one character can affect all the other characters, and change the whole course of events." But trying to understand "man" merely in terms of his not being a machine is insufficiently quirkful.

Ne vaut pas le détour

MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI (Editor):
Travelling Towards Epsilon
Translated by Maxim Jakubowski and Beth Blish
288pp. New English Library. £4.95.

This execrably translated collection of French SF reinforces chauvinism. Attitudes are portentous or flippant or both; the gadgetry is trifling, without the self-confidence of the technocrat; the fantasies are woodily poetic or fetishistically erotic—dull if it is not your fetish. Too many stories are wrong-headed pastiches of Anglophone models: they are often literary in a literal way, which is to say they frequently mention other writers. But this may reflect the tastes of Maxim Jakubowski, whose own story is about a writer called MJ looking for a theme; he also provides tendentious biographical footnotes, in the manner of Harlan Ellison, whom he idolizes, and a handy history of French SF, which lists many titles that sound worth the detour to avoid.

In Daniel Walther's "The Gunboat Dread" the eponymous vessel sails the river Ex, flowing "with coagulate majesty" through the heart of darkness, while the crew behave in various unconvincingly ways. In Suzanne Maleval's "Where the astronauts meet" an alienated ex-spacer hangs about bars, mourning the "cruel pretty girls of Ellannen"—a sort of Ballard of the Seale café. Michel Jeury describes a brilliant, numinous fever dream; Philippe Curval wittily postulates a world run by the rules of pinball; schizophrenia is discussed by a robot psychiatrist; a mysterious summons comes for one Joseph Kupek; various golden-thighed extraterrestrial dames shimmer with menace. "Delta" breaks new ground with three sexes (one has an enlarged prostate, which must be painful).

Eric Korn

Well behind the firing line

By Colin Crouch

KEN MENZIES:
Talcott Parsons and the Social Image of Man
197pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.95.

ROBERT A. GORMAN:
The Dual Vision
Alfred Schutz and the Myth of Phenomenological Social Science
234pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.95.

PHIL SLATER:
Origin and Significance of the Frankfurt School
A Marxist Perspective
185pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.95.

Until a few years ago the number of works on sociological theory published in Britain was small. For several years on either side of its appearance in 1961 John Rex's *Key Problems in Sociological Theory* (published in the Routledge series) stood virtually alone as a significant contribution. Since the late 1960s this situation has changed dramatically, and works of theory occupy a large place within a sociological literature which is itself greatly expanded.

However, few would claim that the results of this change have seen a concomitant advance in the substantive body of the subject's theory, though there has been considerable refinement of concepts and methodology. One major reason for this is that most of the "theoretical" literature is really secondary—either books about particular sociologists or those self-consciously iconoclastic and intelligently autocritical books on "what sociology would look like if we ever got around to doing any".

Both types reflect (and reinforce) the rather anomic controversies of recent years over what the subject is about, the lack of an accepted common core of theory and method. The latter type does this obviously, but so also does the proliferation of books about major figures. When a subject becomes factional it dissolves into groups around individuals: witness the sudden descent of economics into name-calling (chiefly, Keynes versus Friedman) as that subject has come under strain in the past few years.

Every subject means a literature of intellectual history running alongside its primary contributions, but this should be a minor current, taking second place to the results of empirical research and the development of front-line theory. No creature can survive indefinitely by eating its own tail. But each year large numbers of sociological works of this kind appear, while vast areas of actual social life remain uncovered by any literature.

A shift of emphasis is badly needed. Most research students should be discouraged from writing theses of this kind, and the criteria for publishing submitted manuscripts should be tougher. An uninspiring empirical piece may still be worth having because it at least gives us knowledge about an area of social reality; but an indifferent work about an individual writer adds nothing to what one has already in the original. Such books need to be either rich in new insights or expository in a way that is useful to students.

Sadly, much of the literature I am complaining of has appeared in the large Routledge series, now under Professor Rex's editorship. And it is therefore with some apprehension that one greets three new books from that stable, all "about" rather that "of" sociology. In fact, one of them does manage to pass muster according to the criteria for such works established above. This is Ken Menzies's book on Talcott Parsons. The difficulty of Parsons's language and the wide acceptance of a few easy and essentially ideological criticisms of him make many students (not to mention academics) refuse to get to grips with his important contributions to the subject. Dr Menzies's book could do something to resolve this problem. It is cleverly and patiently written in an at times—personal style which manages to convey enthusiasm without being irritating. He clearly likes Parsons, and wants to convey his appreciation to the reader, but he is well aware of the flaws as well. This is the right stance for an expository work which can be commended to students.

This is not to say that *Talcott Parsons and the Social Image of Man* is just a student text. The author is doing something more than expound. His central thesis is that Parsons never really resolved the conflict between positivism and idealism set out in *The Structure of Social Action* and that this ambivalence permeates his work, in particular in the division (or confusion) between his action theory and his systems theory. This leads Menzies to a fruitful analysis of Parsons's use of exchange models, especially in the extension of the concept of exchange beyond the utilitarian-economic model.

Dr Menzies's restatement of the flaws in Parsons means that his criticisms differ from the stock ones—some of which are shown to be invalid and others of which are redefined. Several obscurities in Parsons are clarified—such as his curious conception of voluntarism—and his functionalism is sharply differentiated from that of Davis and Moore with which it is often confused. The book also includes an initial chapter on scientific method which stands in its own right as an interesting contribution to the continuing debates on that subject, apart from its immediate application to Parsons.

Robert Gorman's book on Schütz also contains some useful insights, and phenomenology has become sufficiently important to justify explorations of its origins and postulates. But *The Dual Vision* has severe weaknesses of a kind typical of the current vogue for "secondary" literature. The author also adds needlessly to the difficulties of comprehension always presented by phenomenology through some annoying oddities of grammar: some appallingly split infinitives, a systematic refusal to use relative pronouns and confusions of singular and plural between subject and verb.

He analyses Schütz's work in terms of his predecessors—principally Dilthey, Weber and Husserl—and sees Schütz's task as being to preserve the integrity of unique subjects demanded by the German subjectivists while not sacrificing the precision of scientific explanation. While accepting the validity of such an attempt Dr Gorman is highly critical of the actual achievement. Instead of humanizing the study of social action, Schütz's legacy has been to trivialize it, and this is well demonstrated in an exploration of the fruits of two schools which have developed from his work: decision theory and ethnomethodology.

All this would have made good material for a long critical essay in an academic journal, but the work acquires the scope and length which justify a book through some highly unsatisfactory arguments. Gorman takes the view that a methodological position which stresses the subjectivity of the actor is somehow more "human" in the sense of humanitarian than a positivist approach. This is untrue, as the whole history of German humanism shows; and the view that social scientists who are predominantly concerned with objective material forces are somehow callous is plain silly. Nor is it true that all social science other than that which follows a phenomenological methodology is incapable of dealing with anything other than purely mechanistic behaviour.

Schützian phenomenology trivializes; all else is crude behaviourism. To relieve this impasse, at the end of the final chapter appears Karl Marx (who else?), rather like the King at the end of *Tartuffe* to set all to rights. A synthesis between Marxism and existential phenomenology is seen as providing the answer, "for the social liberation of the masses is also the reflective emancipation of each citizen". The confusion between methodology and social (or moral) action is complete.

This introduction of Marx at the close is a common stylistic feature of much current sociology, and it marks the continuing failure of British sociologists to digest that writer. For those of a generation ago he was treated as both figure of fun and monster. Possibly because this was the way they were introduced to him, the younger generation of Marxist writers seem equally incapable of incorporating his contribution within the general framework of the subject, but save him for gesture and rhetoric.

An alternative way of doing this appears in Phil Slater's study of the early Frankfurt school. Here the Marxist theme is a kind of ritornello appearing at the end of each chapter rather than at the conclusion of the book. (In fact, perhaps for this reason, this book entirely lacks a conclusion.) Here the theme takes the form of that *fata morgana* of Marxism: the revolutionary working class.

After a discussion of the historical background of the Frankfurt School Mr Slater discusses the work of its central figures—Horkheimer, Marcuse, Fromm, Adorno—on their main concerns: the critique of ideology, the relationship between theory and practice, psychology and culture. The exposition is clear; the authors are seen in the social context of their appalling times; and interesting contrasts are made with such outside figures as Benjamin, Brecht and Reich.

Mr Slater is on the right lines in depicting the Frankfurt writers as being in an ultimately hopeless position: isolated from the working class and completely bewildered by Nazism. But the explanation offered of their problem is that they did not develop a revolutionary praxis and relate themselves to the true class struggle. This very particular focus has the consequence that Mr Slater is addressing his book solely to the very small number of people who already share his views on the nature and inevitability of the revolution. Otherwise one feels in reading this book rather like an outsider prying on a private affair.

It is also a very simplistic kind of sociology of sociologists which remains at that level of analysis. One really needs to come to grips with all the complex reasons why a group of predominantly Jewish bourgeois intellectuals should come together and develop their particular fascinating, ambiguous and ultimately futile analysis of the world in the midst of the crisis of Weimar Germany. *Origin and Significance of the Frankfurt School* cannot claim to do this, while its claims to stand as a concise and straightforward expository work are unfortunately vitiated by the very particular sectarian political stance which is adopted.

One of the themes in Dr Menzies's book is his claim (based on Parsons) that in principle sociological theory incorporates economic theory, though he fully acknowledges that in fact it does not at present do so. Such a claim will stand no chance of being taken seriously until there is much more genuine sociological theory that tries directly to explain social action in the world. If any school of sociological thought is capable of developing towards economics it is a certain interpretation of Marx—who, though one would never guess it from the writings of Gorman, Slater and their contemporaries, owed much of his development to the classical economists. But we are unlikely to hear much about that so long as Marx remains the object of hagiography and coy gesturing.

From facts to systems

By Anthony Giddens

JOHAN GOUDSBLOM:
Sociology in the Balance
232pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £7.

Yet another exercise in sociology-watching? But this one is more interesting than most, and is written in a pleasingly unpretentious style. The author is a professor of sociology at the University of Amsterdam, and this is a translation of a book first published in Dutch some three years ago. Johan Goudsblom has no particular qualms about adding to the already formidable quantity of literature which the "crisis" in sociology has spawned since the late 1960s. The present debate on the status and achievements of sociology is often met with the response that the practitioners of the subject should spend less time talking about it and more time doing it. Professor Goudsblom does not accept that the issues raised by the controversy can be discussed with this sort of banal rejoinder: the very existence of sociology, as a distinctive endeavour, is today "in the balance".

The present troubles of sociology do not stem from a dearth of empirical materials. Goudsblom asserts in *Sociology in the Balance*. There are plenty of "specialist areas" in sociology, such as the sociology of the family, bureaucracy, race relations, and so on, within which a great deal of information has been collected together. Nor is there any lack of abstract theories. Rather, we are faced with a whole series of competing constructions: action theory, exchange theory, systems theory, phenomenology, etc. If one were to assess sociology merely by criteria of the availability either of reliable factual materials or of systematic theories, it would have to be adjudged a flourishing discipline. However, this profusion expresses the very state of confusion in which the subject finds itself: "Not only is sociology split up into an enormous variety of empirical specialisms; it is also rapidly developing into a Babylon of competing schools, each cultivating its own terminology, methodology, and epistemology".

A substantial part of Goudsblom's work is devoted to surveying these two levels of sociological discourse: "attempts at fact-finding" in sociology on the one hand, and "attempts at system-building" on the other, observing that these have traditionally proceeded at some distance from one another. The book is a fairly short one, and his comments on each are for the most part quite fragmentary. None the less they often are acute. Sociologists, he points out, do not have a monopoly over claims to knowledge of the social world: familiarity with the interventions of social life is a necessary and integral part of social life itself. Consequently, when we consider the "discoveries" of empirical research we must always pose the question: for whom are these discoveries? Many of the things that social researchers have "discovered" were of course very well known already to those whose activities were under scrutiny. Thus when Young and Willmott found that extended kin relations were still important in working-class areas in the East End of London, they did not uncover anything unfamiliar to those about whom they wrote. What they did was to bring these facts before a broader public, and make them available for discussion—the outcome of which might very well have practical consequences for the lives of those studied. All sociological research thus must be concerned with what Goudsblom calls "problems of relevance": that is to say, with "who are reporting to whom facts about whom".

Goudsblom distrusts formal systems of theory, which he sees as the mirror-image of empiricism in factual enquiry. The latter is dominated by the assumption that the facts speak for themselves, without the intervention of theory; most of the system-builders (Talcott Parsons is portrayed as the chief culprit), by contrast, proceed via the deductive elaboration of concepts, working out complicated schemes whose empirical content is slight. Goudsblom wants sociology to steer a way in between. Sociology is about "living human beings" and should begin with the reality of concrete historical processes. Drawing upon the writings of Norbert Elias, Goudsblom suggests that several simple principles should be placed at the forefront of sociology. Four such principles are especially important: human beings live in interdependence with one another, and their lives are significantly formed by the resulting "social configurations"; these social configurations are constantly changing whatever the pace of such change may be; most long-term changes are both unplanned and unforeseen; the formation of human knowledge, including sociology, is itself a social process. Sociology is not about man, but about men, women and children, and its concern is with "the ways in which people cope with problems of social interdependence".

I am sympathetic with the general themes of this book, but the arguments are not always expressed with the precision one would like. To say that sociology should be concerned with "people" is all very well, but is not particularly illuminating because the author apparently assumes that the meaning of this term is self-evident. One of the chronic issues in social theory however is surely that of what the attributes of "people" are—in what sense if any human beings possess freedom of will, whether their activity can be said to be caused in the same sense as events in nature and so on. Nor is the term social configuration adequately explained: it is not made clear just what it differs [illegible] familiarly established notions, like that of "social system", which the author seems to dismiss as of little value.

A series of papers on one of the most controversial issues in the contemporary human sciences has been collected and edited by A. H. Halsey in *Heredity and Environment* (337pp. Methuen. £6.50; paperback £3.85). The papers have been chosen to show how the issues of "nature and nurture" and the differences between genetician and environmentalism are slowly being integrated in a number of disciplines, thus allowing for "interactive causation" in explanations of human behaviour. Among the scholars represented are the geneticist W. F. Bodmer, the ethologist N. Tinbergen and the psychologist A. R. Jensen. Mary Douglas's 1966 paper "Population control in primitive groups" is also included.

The need to debunk

By J. H. Smith

DENNIS H. WRONG:
Skeptical Sociology
322pp. Heinemann Educational. £6.90.

One of the more irritating aspects of modern sociology is that a writer like Dennis Wrong, whose breadth of interests and trenchant good sense bear witness to its basic strengths, may for these very reasons be regarded as unrepresentative of his subject. To add further confusion, the man has a feeling for language and style; he employs literary references and can be amusing, even funny, without apparent strain; and he makes us keenly aware of how dependent sociology is on concepts and approaches developed in other disciplines, notably philosophy and psychology. Above all, though an accomplished critic, he prefers to be across the river and on his way rather than to linger behind, burning down the same old bridges.

These qualities are fully conveyed in this stimulating collection of essays, *Skeptical Sociology*, which is divided into three sections. The first, "Human Nature and the Perspective of Sociology", includes what Professor Wrong acknowledges, somewhat ruefully, to be his most celebrated piece of work, "The Oversocialized Conception of Man in Modern Sociology". First published in 1961, it challenged what Wrong saw as an over-emphasis (most readily identified in the work of Talcott Parsons), on the power of society to effect conformity through "value consensus". His principal target was the simplified view then adopted of socialization and its disregard for the tensions between social man and human nature which were central interests for Freud. In a postscript written for this edition, Wrong concludes that the success of the article stemmed from the appeal of its title and from the way in which it complemented the attack on structural-functionalism by the conflict theorists (among whom were Wright Mills, Barrington Moore and Ralf Dahrendorf). Sixteen years later this paper has an assured place in the ritual despatch of those views taken to represent a discredited "establishment sociological theory".

At the same time Wrong notes that the vigorous "opposition" (including Marxists, Schützian phenomenologists, French structuralists) shows no signs of remedying the defects of the oversocialized conception of man: these remain "the neglect of biography, of the motivational depths and complexities of the human heart, and of the somatic, animal roots of our emotional lives".

The second section, "Social Stratification and Inequality", includes another of Wrong's contributions to the debate on structural-functionalism. In this case his critique of the Davis-Moore theory of stratification, Davis and Moore asserted that social stratification was socially necessary and reflected the basic values of society: Wrong's analysis of the vulnerable aspects of their argument shows his capacity for generosity as well as incisiveness in academic debate. In later work, Wrong has directed his interest to the forms and consequences of social inequality, together with the implications of what he sees as the gathering trend towards meritocracy. While not neglecting the continued importance of social class as a determinant of much human conduct, including politics, he finds in the mobilisation of groups sharing bonds of race, ethnicity, sex or generation a problem that requires resolution in Weberian rather than Marxist terms.

Wrong's intellectual affinity with Max Weber is clearly marked in the final section, "Power and Politics". This includes a previously unpublished paper on Weber as "Scholar and Hero" which the *New York Times Magazine* rejected as too advanced for its readers. "Ends and Means in Politics" brings—in so far as is humanly possible—a light touch to Weber's treatment of political ethics, on which Wrong promises some further thoughts. The final essay "On Thinking About the Future" allows Wrong (who served a graduate apprenticeship as a demographer) an enjoyable opportunity to explore the intellectual and methodological shortcomings of futurology.

This collection of essays impressively confirms Dennis Wrong's reputation as an energetic, influential and unusually readable sociologist. A prologue "On Skeptical Sociology" written for this volume, deftly combines a justification of Wrong's chosen title with a commentary on the labels some present-day sociologists persist in affixing to one another. An initial reaction of the 1950s against "positivistic" or "science-building" sociology has itself become schismatized, so that Wrong finds great difficulty in adopting a term to characterize his own sociological outlook "that hasn't been corrupted or pre-empted for special purposes that are not necessarily my own".

He is unhappy about the self-congratulatory aura now attached to the word "humanistic"; this is partly because of "the more-caring-than-thou sense" it can convey but also because of psychological affiliations extolling "publicly-expressed and even group-induced emotion as a measure of the genuinely-human—a fashionable new therapeutic version of an oversocialized conception of man".

He next charts the vacillations of the proponents of "critical sociology". While sharing their basic contentions that the sociologist must understand his own involvement with the world he studies and also cultivate a critical detachment from the established social order, he resists the notion that such tenets are exclusive to Marxism or neo-Marxism. Every sociologist must concern himself with exploring the limits of the possible, especially through theoretical and comparative-historical work, so challenging "the disposition to eternalize the present". This is not to deny a place for utopian ideas: but their role is to provide a measuring device against which to judge the possibilities of limited and gradual changes in prevailing reality, not as a call to "romantic revolutionism".

Since Wrong convincingly dissociates himself from these various approaches, are we to conclude that sceptical sociology is—to use Wrong's phrase—simply the latest rhetorical rejection of the bad old sociologies of the past and present? He clearly hopes not, arguing that "in the end there can be no such thing as a sceptical sociology, only sceptical sociologists". What, then, are their critical attributes? Wrong would see their scepticism as possessing a mocking quality, especially when debunking the pretensions of contemporary creeds and doctrines: but they must go beyond that to comprehend the tragedy that is inherent in human aspirations and our inability to realize ideals. This scepticism is purposive, not destructive. The improvement of the human condition requires a rejection of dogma and, within the discipline, a resistance towards what Wrong sees as "a growing fragmentation of sociology into a stalemated pluralism of divergent approaches whose adherents talk only to one another" Nietzsche, no novice in these matters, allowed "the luxury of scepticism" only to the man of really strong faith. For Wrong, scepticism is no luxury, but an essential condition of the integrity of sociology and of those who practise it.

William A. R. Thomson's *Dictionary of Medical Ethics and Practice* (264pp. Bristol: John Wright. £10) is written primarily as a guide for the medical profession. Conscious of the general lack of any moral consensus in society, Dr Thomson is unapologetic about his own approach: "In Britain the ethical basis of the practice of medicine is essentially Christian, and this has been the guideline upon which this book has been planned." The entries are a skilful blend of ethical theory, legal precedent, case history, and readily accessible reference.

From the feminine to the female

By Juliet Mitchell

ELAINE SHOWALTER:
A Literature of Their Own
British Women Novelists from Brontë to Lessing
378pp. Princeton University Press. £13.40.

> I went on . . . to sketch a plan of the soul so that in each of us two powers preside, one male, one female; and in the man's brain the man predominates over the woman, and in the woman's brain the woman predominates over the man. The normal and comfortable state of being is that when the two live in harmony together, spiritually cooperating. If one is a man, still the woman part of the brain must have effect; and a woman also must have intercourse with the man in her. Coleridge perhaps meant this when he said that a great mind is androgynous.

Virginia Woolf was lecturing in Cambridge on women and literature and after reflecting wittily on the innumerable handicaps that had hindered women in writing, or in writing well, she concluded that protest literature was nevertheless inevitably flawed, that the writer should transcend sex-consciousness and that the self-fertilizing androgynous mind alone could bring forth great art.

This vision of transcendent androgyny is one solution to the vexed question of the relationship between art and gender, and Virginia Woolf is an important negative figure in the line of British women writers that Elaine Showalter traces from the Brontës to Doris Lessing and Margaret Drabble.

After illuminating and often very original interpretations of great and lesser-known novelists, Elaine Showalter comes down against both artistic androgyny and feminism (or, more accurately, female chauvinism), in favour of what she sees as an emergent female novel—a literature unashamedly and unfearfully about a woman's world, but not against men, represented by A. S. Byatt, Margaret Drabble and Doris Lessing.

Virginia Woolf argued that "as we think back through our mothers" women writers have been severely hampered by the absence of a female literary tradition. Now, that claim is being reversed. Feminists have found that women have been hidden from history, from anthropological, and from sociological and other studies; but being hidden does not mean being absent.

In all fields, it is argued, women have formed a subculture, and Virginia Woolf's matrilineal heritage has been present but obscured.

According to Showalter, in fiction this subculture has not formed a continuous tradition but one marked by patches of brilliance and periods of darkness. Consequently she starts her study at a time from which a continuity can be traced: the high point of the English novel in the 1840s. She argues that from the Brontës until the present day women have related to each other's work and presented a formal tradition and shared subject-matter.

Within any subculture there are phases of growth: in women's fiction Showalter describes a feminine, a feminist and a female phase. Each is defined not by artistic merit but by chronological sequence. The feminine novels, like Jane Eyre and *The Mill on the Floss*, reveal an ultimate commitment to the male values dominant in the larger culture. Feminist fiction which followed in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth offered Amazonian utopias and repudiated a man's world altogether. The female novel of the present day starts to portray an autonomous women's world existing with a richness of pain and pleasure, anger and joy, in its own right but relating to the male world. Showalter sets into this progressive trend two important counterpoints: the sensational novelist and the aesthete.

One wants almost to describe as "virile" the potent, ebullient, three-decker sensationalist stories of scandalous adultery, husband-poisoning, pawn, illicido. But as Showalter demonstrates, this fiction which was once a powerful threat to domesticity eventually staged a massive retreat as custom, conception, chastisement and guilt took a stranglehold on their authors' fantasies. What Showalter does not point out is that one fate of this sub-genre is the watered-down romantic fiction so popular today. This offers a kind of covert pornography for women in which violent and domestic sexual fantasies usually resolve into a tame marital bliss.

The aesthetes reached their apotheosis in Virginia Woolf, who saw the world polarized into male and female and in trying to transcend the division developed an incorporeal style and subject-matter. She is crucial to Showalter's argument because her androgyne androgyny must be challenged and overthrown if the female novel is to liberate itself from evasive aestheticism. Showalter is right, I think, to see that the secret-room motif, which for Charlotte Brontë had enclosed forbidden female sexuality, has become for the aesthetes a safe but empty cell; that the luminous androgyne has as its other side a frightened, if facetious, eunuch.

The feminine, the feminist and the female subcultures as depicted by Showalter consist of the writers sharing their sexual identity, their social and personal relations within the family and their fantasies within and beyond this. For the most part, I find her specific analyses and her overall tracing of the line of descent convincing. But I wonder whether it is correct that women's fiction is an autonomous art form within a larger dominant one.

I would not argue that women as such do not have distinct social lives above and beyond their interaction with the dominant culture. These lives, domestic, family worlds and specific sexual mores and experiences, would naturally contribute to the content of the work, either negatively or positively, of any woman writer. Men also bring their different social worlds to bear on the contents of their novels. One has only to think of the urban panoramas, the polemical portraits of aspects of industrialism from bureaucracy to railway engines to see that Dickens has a wider range of experience than any of the Brontës and that such breadth is connected with his being a man. But does the range of subject-matter constitute a distinct, sex-linked form and does it really determine the thematic drift? Showalter shows how many women novelists subject their male heroes to a female experience of helplessness and dependency—this is her important reading of the prevalent "castrating" motifs of blinding, maiming and sickness in the "feminine" novels. But Eugene Wrayburn (in *Our Mutual Friend*) and Pip and many others are also chastened and sick, their ambition for their great expectations, their manly arrogance, curbed and subdued—their reward thereafter: sweet domesticity. The "castration" of the assertive male may have been a Victorian need. Despite occasional attempts a female language and style has never been really established in English fiction.

Despite their wider range, Dickens's novels no less than those of the "feminine" novelists are about families and personal and domestic relations not about production and technology. Though the setting may be jobs and employment—the "male" world—English men novelists rarely write about being at work.

Perhaps the English novel itself—written either by a woman or a man—is in a sense a female form. It has often been noted that when novels first began to be written in the early eighteenth century they were intended to fill the leisure time of the new middle-class woman. Their predominant readers cannot but have had an impact on them. A few years before Samuel Richardson wrote *Clarissa* (quite a "female" novel surely?) a feminist, Mary Astell, along with many other women, was writing books asserting the importance of the female sphere of cultured, humane domesticity. She wrote too of the advantages that women had over men in learning English, not Latin and Greek, in their opportunities for direct observation of personal relations. The novel was to become a vernacular form depicting just such intimate social relations. Mary Astell also prefaced her own book with a warning to her readers "that they will no more be able to discern a Man's style from a Woman's than they can tell whether it was written with a Goose-Quill or a Gander's". Certainly the explicitly feminist novel is simply one sub-genre among others. The female tradition in fiction is permeated by the specific social and sexual experiences of women but it does not constitute a subcultural art form in itself.

Japanese women: left, actress making up her face in front of a mirror, and right, a girl washing her hair; two prints by Ito Shinsui from the sale of Japanese prints, paintings, screens, and Chinese paintings, to be held at Christie's on July 12.

Hypocrisy at Mudies

By Bernard Bergonzi

GEORGE MOORE:
Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals
A Polemic on Victorian Censorship
Edited by Pierre Coustillas
79pp. Hassocks: Harvester Press. £2.95.

This small book, or expensive bound pamphlet, documents a colourful and significant episode in late-Victorian literary life. In 1884 George Moore published an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* called "A New Censorship of Literature". His first novel, *A Modern Lover*, had been in the suspect mode of fictional realism; nevertheless it had been certified by the *Athenaeum* and the *Spectator* as "not immoral" and received favourable reviews. But the book's commercial prospects were much damaged when Mudie's Library declined to purchase and circulate many copies. Two subscribers, elderly ladies in the country, had taken exception to one episode and that was enough to discourage Mr Mudie from taking any more copies. The artifically expensive three-decker novel was dependent on libraries for sales, so Mudie's refusal was a highly effective form of censorship, as Moore complained in his article. The article is reprinted in this book, together with the ensuing correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, including a grave contribution from George Gissing, which sympathized with Moore's complaint but felt the fault lay with public taste rather than the libraries, who merely reflected it. Other correspondents pointedly asserted that public taste is the ultimate, indeed the only, arbiter. The novelist, wrote one contributor, may or may not be a genius, but is certainly a trader and "must be content to run the risks natural to his trade".

Meantime, Mudie blacklisted Moore's second novel, *A Mummer's Wife*, as a work of evident immorality, again despite favourable reviews. Moore had anticipated something of the kind, and Vizetelly, his publisher, brought out the book in one volume at 3s 6d instead of as a three-decker at 31s 6d. In 1885 Moore returned to the attack on Mudie in a superb polemic, *Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morals*, here reprinted for the first time. Moore quotes the offending though in fact quite restrained passage from his own novel, and compares it with long extracts from fashionable novels that Mudie had been very willing to purchase and circulate. All of them are what the Victorians called "warm", communicating heavy-breathing passion, or sentimentally suggestive eroticism. Moore presses his charge relentlessly and indicts Mudie for hypocrisy with much witty vituperation. The critical point that emerges is that Mudie, and his readers, had no particular objection to conventional sexiness, however "warm", but had a horror of realistic description of sexual matters, however circumspect. Indeed, Moore alleges that Mudie had publicly declared that "he did not keep naturalistic literature—that he did not [illegible] it proper". Moore's example of selective censorship is amply borne out.

The practice of publishing novels cheaply in one volume steadily increased, and ten years later the three-decker collapsed and the libraries lost much of their power. Mudie was a muddler and a hypocrite, no doubt, but he was also the circumscribed agent of a mode of literary distribution that had lasted several decades. In England most novels were read by ladies, who borrowed them from libraries; in France they were read by men and women of the world, who bought them, in notorious yellow paperbacks. From this difference in readership arose many profound and interesting literary differences. Moore's onslaught on Mudie, though superficiately about censorship, was part of his largely successful campaign to make English readers accept the literary achievements of French naturalism.

Stating the problem

By Virginia Llewellyn Smith

BEVERLY HAHN:
Chekhov
A Study of the Major Stories and Plays
351pp. Cambridge University Press. £9.90.

Which *are* Chekhov's major stories and plays? Beverly Hahn begins, reassuringly, with *The Cherry Orchard* (a revival of "the pastoral mode"), but her judgments on other possible front runners can be firmly dismissive: the structure of "Peasants" is "much too loose, while also exhibiting signs of wilfulness in the sheer accumulation of negative detail". Her approach to the works she prefers is analytical and comparative: she shows convincingly how the spiritual collapse of the civilized hero in "A Dreary Story" is more effective than the spiritual awakening of Tolstoy's villain in *The Death of Ivan Ilych*. She is good on Chekhov's use of landscape, particularly in "the steppe stories" and makes some interesting observations on his treatment of night and day; but sometimes makes too much of this antithesis: she describes "Lights" as "a classic story . . . actively engaged with epistemological problems and systems of thought which are seminal to twentieth-century consciousness". It is true that the story—theoretically concerned with the morality of the nihilistic outlook—shows Chekhov putting into practice his celebrated maxim—that a writer's job is to state the problem, not to solve it; but Beverly Hahn fails to mention that Chekhov excluded "Lights" from his Collected Works, probably because what she calls its "moralistic concern" shows through the fabric of the story too much. Chekhov was wary of philosophical theorizing ("You ask, what is life?" he wrote to his wife, "That's like asking: what is a carrot? A carrot is a carrot, and that's all we know about it"), and Beverly Hahn's criticism of him for falling short on philosophy, as she holds he does in "The Beauties", seems misguided.

Most modern critics would accept her portrait of Chekhov as a humanist who believed passionately in human dignity and was deeply concerned for its progress. Chekhov, we are reminded, also believed that love was a good thing. Beverly Hahn devotes several chapters more or less specifically to Chekhov's treatment of women, and I find myself (*pace* her mistrust of my book on the subject) in agreement with her major points. Chekhov's youthful condescension or disrespect for women and flat presentation of them is indeed triumphantly redeemed by *Three Sisters* (I agree that it is his masterpiece), though Olga Knipper may well have had a lot more to do with the mellowing and broadening of Chekhov's attitudes here than did his approaching death. Acknowledging Chekhov's clumsy handling of (fictional) women in "sexually direct situations", Beverly Hahn says that "Chekhov's best portrayals of women occur in conditions of frustration"; but it is difficult wholly to agree with her when she adds "and fulfilment", and cites as her example of a well-drawn (sexually fulfilled) woman the heroine of "The Party". Although Miss Hahn convinces me that it *is* a good exposé of one woman's physical and emotional sensations during pregnancy, I do not think that the atmosphere of a stuffy prenatal clinic which this story exudes was the element in which Chekhov showed himself to best advantage. Such satisfaction as he himself derived from the story was in his capacity as a doctor, when women told him he had got the symptoms right.

It is usual to underline Chekov's objectivity by labelling him "a man of science" (as if men of science never wanted facts to fit theories). But it seems to me that what his experience as a doctor brought to his work was not so much the ability to observe facts as to accept them, particularly those of sorrow, disease and death with which a doctor is continually confronted. There is undeniably a dry-eyed realism (call it toughness if you will) in the way Chekhov faces these facts. In "Sorrow" the private griefs of one Petrov, a turner, are eclipsed by his death from frostbite, an event which the hospital doctor anticipates without emotion. Beverly Hahn criticizes the "puzzling harshness" of this ending with its "sudden withdrawal of sympathy", finding that "even the story's own last words—'Good-bye to the turner!'—have a sort of callousness about them". In fact in Russian these last words are notably colloquial in tone (more like "Curtains for the turner!"), so you could assume here that Chekhov was simply recording the thoughts of the insouciant houseman—if you wanted to.

Failure to pick up such nuances of tone demonstrates the weakness of critical studies that rely to a large extent on translation (the bibliography contains only English translations and English critical material, excluding, unaccountably, Thomas Winner's study of Chekhov's prose). Beverly Hahn is aware of these limitations: her book is clearly aimed at students of comparative literature (who should be grateful for it) rather than of Russian literature. Her comparisons are frequently instructive: for example, Tolstoy in the scenes of night-scenes (but why isn't he mentioned as the obvious source of the moralizing tone found in "Enemies"? Talking of George Eliot here is interesting but infinitely less relevant). I would have liked more, though, about Virginia Woolf and the way she and Chekhov use the passage of time in their fiction. There is also a lot of D. H. Lawrence. Though the juxtaposition of passages from Lawrence dealing with female sexual feelings with passages from Chekhov is certainly novel, I wonder if there is very much point in pursuing comparisons between two such disparate writers. Beverly Hahn finds that Chekhov "does not share Lawrence's sense of people as unstable egos whose complex individuality may suddenly give way to a so-called primal self". Which seems to say it all.

The fever of Symbolism

By T. J. Binyon

KONSTANTIN MOCHULSKY:
Andrei Bely
His Life and Works
Translated by Nora Szalavitz
230pp. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Ardis. $13.95.

Konstantin Mochulsky (1892-1948) was born in Odessa. In 1919 he left Russia, and from 1923 to 1941 taught at the Sorbonne. He published a number of critical biographies of Russian writers, two of which, on Dostoevsky (1947) and on Blok (1948), are still among the best works on these authors. His book on Bely appeared posthumously in 1955.

Andrei Bely—pseudonym of Boris Nikolaevich Bugaev (1880-1934)—was the golden-haired infant prodigy of the early years of Russian Symbolism, and retained the characteristics of the type throughout his life. Infinitely charming, unbelievably brilliant, he was at the same time spoilt, demanding and monstrously egocentric. He was perhaps the most fertile of the Symbolists—criticism, philosophy, poems, novels and memoirs poured from him in a never-ending stream, yet much of his work is marred by almost hysterical exaggeration.

"We Symbolists do not recognize the literary clowns, lascivious cats and hyenas, devouring the corpses of their fallen enemies", he writes in the course of a polemic against the St Petersburg "mystical anarchists"—a Symbolist splinter group. It is true, of course, that the atmosphere of the whole Symbolist movement was an intensely febrile one, but whereas other writers managed to escape its worst effects—Vyacheslav Ivanov through his classicism, Blok through an innate sense of decorum, and Bryusov through his, perhaps excessive, rationality—in Bely's case the combination of an unbalanced personality with the prevailing mood led, only too often, to unfortunate results.

Nevertheless, his two novels *The Silver Dove* (1910) and *Petersburg* (1911; revised 1922), form, with Sologub's *Petty Demon*, the triad of prose masterpieces produced by Symbolism; his works of autobiographical fiction—*Kotik Letaev* (1917), *The Baptized Chinaman* (1921)—are brilliant experiments with close affinities to Joyce; and his memoirs—*Reminiscences of Blok* (1922-23), *On the Border of Two Centuries* (1930), *The Beginning of the Age* (1933) and *Between Two Revolutions* (1934)—are, if biased and untrustworthy as sources, a marvellous evocation of the period, written in a coruscating, wholly individual style.

Though Mochulsky's analysis of Bely's works is as interesting as his treatment of Dostoevsky or Blok, the book as a whole is somewhat disappointing. This is partly due to his lack of sympathy with some of Bely's enthusiasms: in particular, his involvement with Rudolf Steiner and his Anthroposophical movement. While listening to a lecture given by Steiner in Leipzig, Bely felt illuminated by a "holy light". Together with his wife, Asya, he followed Steiner to Switzerland, where, from 1914 to 1916, he took part in the construction of the Anthroposophical temple in Dornach. But Steiner, like most of the idols in Bely's life, proved a false prophet. When Bely met him again in Berlin in 1921, he had to stifle the inclination to shout at him: "Herr Doktor, Sie sind ein alter Affe!"

Mochulsky treats the episode as an unfortunate, almost lunatic aberration; however, as if to redress the balance, at other times he makes exaggerated claims on Bely's behalf, writing, for instance, that "his still very incomplete attempts at formal analysis created an entire school of so-called 'Formalists'". Not only is this untrue, it also implies a rather ungracious attitude towards a group of critics on whose researches a large part of Mochulsky's work on Dostoevsky is based.

In recent years a large amount of material has been published in the Soviet Union which throws new light on the lives of the individual Symbolists. Although some of the mistakes Mochulsky makes in his account of Bely's life are simply due to the fact that these sources were not available to him, it is also true that he places too much reliance on Bely's unreliable memoirs. This leads, in particular, to a distortion of the relationship between Bely and Bryusov, where Mochulsky repeats many of the errors he made in his book on the latter writer.

At times Mochulsky, perhaps naturally, seems to minimize Bely's psychological peculiarities. Though he describes in detail the paranoic fantasies to which Bely was prey in 1916, when he believed that he was a "human bomb", under surveillance from "a dark-skinned man in a bowler hat", one of the General Astral staff's world-wide network of spies and occultists, he does so largely to point up the malign influence of Anthroposophy on the writer.

Bely was genuinely ill at this time, but his illness did not create his persecution mania, it merely brought out the symptoms more strongly. As his correspondence reveals, he was always liable to imagine himself surrounded by enemies with occult powers: in 1904 he accused Bryusov of "creating mirages" around him; of causing the lamps in his apartment to go out inexplicably, and wrote to Blok: "Bryusov . . . is always a werewolf, a mad dog, barking at snowy white gillyflowers, or a vampire, clinging to my chest, to suck my blood".

Bely is certainly one of the major figures of the Russian Symbolist movement, and Mochulsky's book on him was well worth translating. Nora Szalavitz has made a valiant, and on the whole successful attempt to turn the Russian of Mochulsky and Bely—both, in their own ways, eccentric stylists—into readable English, although a few mistakes have crept in. The writer into whose apartment Bely moved in 1920 was not a "fair weather friend", but an ether addict, and the "council extraordinaire" which refused him permission to go abroad in 1921 was the Cheka.

The lecherous Reverend Lumb

By Oliver Lyne

TED HUGHES:
Gaudete
200pp. Faber. £4.50.

The Anglican Reverend Nicholas Lumb has a surprising way with him. It seems
He is starting Christianity all over
again, right from the start.
He has persuaded all the women in
the parish.
Only women can belong to it.
They are all in it and he makes
love to them all, all the time.
Because a saviour
Is to be born in this village, and Mr
Lumb is to be the earthly father.

He is eventually killed by outraged husbands after a quasi-theriomorphic ritual orgy which goes murderously wrong.

The whole plot of this long narrative poem is not quite so simply hilarious. Lumb is some sort of duplicate of Lumb from "the other world"—the substitution is effected in a nightmarish prologue. The real Reverend Lumb stands up at the end on the west coast of Ireland and leaves a notebook of opaque poems on a rock—and these form the conclusion of *Gaudete*. Yes, the whole as a whole is perplexing. "Poets in our civilization . . . must be *difficult*."

But the central action is splendid, available, and generally fine writing. It would be tempting to recommend starting a first reading here but for the fact that the mysterious and bloody prologue (whatever its ultimate point) productively complicates one's response to the clear people, clear events and potential humour of much of what ensues. It causes the action to be attended by a continuous and disturbing ambiguity.

Form and technique are fascinating. The poem we are told was originally intended as a film scenario. It is comprehensible that Ted Hughes might try one. He has that sure poetic instinct that bends implacably for the particular instances rather than ideas or abstraction; he has an especial talent for evoking the *visual* particular; he has an avowed belief in the inability of words to match experience. An interest in film follows. "Screenplays are on the way to becoming actually sheets of notes for those who, at the camera, will write the film themselves" (Antonioni). A decision to keep his scenario to himself perhaps also follows. *Gaudete* developed into a poem.

But its genesis has left its mark and this is its intriguing feature. The narrative proceeds by sequences of images. Lumb is being pursued:

And he sees
Over the jouncing tops of his stride
Through his jarred and spilling
retina
The car . . .
But he does not feel
The pressure
And ten magnifications
Of Hagen's telescope, in which he
now jigs like a puppet.
But *we* feel it because we are now looking through the telescope. Again:
Lumb comes towards them.
He is considering means of playing
for a pause and entangling
everybody in words.
But Walsall's Alsatian
Already the most visibly incensed
member of the mob
Liberated
Magnifies suddenly, bouncing towards Lumb. . . .

That's blatantly cinematographic.

So is most of the narrative. Thoughts and conscience take the shape of visualized fantasies and dreams. The story-line picks its way from picture to picture. We follow (for example) a woman moving from room to room, we focus on a drop of water on a tap, on mirrors, a conifer through the window, an orange vase . . . ; "she stares towards her husband's medical reference library, to numb herself on its dull morocco". Thoughts of suicide are present but it seems only thoughts:

Her mind closes.
Her stare comes to rest in the ash-
tray.
She can hear her watch whispering.
Listening to it, as if trapped inside
it.
She has closed her eyes.
She waits. . . .

Picture *and* soundtrack—and a rare degree of empathy. The notes of a piano move us into the next scene: fade-out and fade-in, via clearly directed scenes. Poetical narrative is borrowing cinema's distinct method of narrative: cinema's method of switching scene and "point of view", cinema's method of suggestive particularizing, cinema's method of getting across action, thought and emotion.

It might not have worked (Antonioni's scripts incidentally make uproariously awful reading). But Ted Hughes has produced a strange bastard form that does work, to brilliantly. It works not simply because he is a fine writer. It is because he has such an acute sense of the suggestive power of specific visual images and the ability to evoke them in words. His first published book began, "I drown in the drumming ploughland, I drag up/Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth . . . but the hawk/Effortlessly at height hangs his still eye"; and that heralded a succession of animals, scenes and things upon which he was to focus, cinema-fashion, concentrating in them ideas for his readers to intuit. *Gaudete* is obviously a very different work from Hughes's other poetry, but it indulges one of his most familiar talents. It ranks I think with *The Hawk in the Wind* or *Lupercal* (high praise)—though I must admit to preferring the earlier work.

Adverse criticism? Obscurity is perhaps admirable rather than objectionable when it results from the sum of perspicuous parts. It is probably complexity not obscurity, complexity in the poem's total meaning. Early days yet to unravel and assess that. The workings of style are more accessible. Like all good writers Ted Hughes has good qualities vulnerable to caricature: and like all good writers he occasionally caricatures himself. His style characteristically involves wonderfully violent bombardments of basic words. But these can tend towards overkill, to excessive agglomeration and unproductive mixed metaphor. (How about: "the prone stripe of the lake's length reflects the sky's metals. Crawling with shadow, hackled with reeds, snaggy with green bronze nymphs, manned with willows"?)

If a tendency towards an occasional self-defeating extravagance be admitted, his own theoretical pronouncements supply a clue to the cause. Hughes has a strong sense that words cannot match what one actually feels and sees. In *Words and Experience*, for example, he writes as follows: "There are no words to capture the infinite depth of crowiness in the crow's flight. All we can do is to use a word as an indicator, or a whole bunch of words as a general directive. . . . And a bookload of such descriptions is immediately rubbish when you look up and see the crow flying." So we get our bunches of sometimes despairing and ineffectual words—he tries too hard. But not often: mostly his work belies his own pessimism. And (more importantly) Ted Hughes can do more than reproduce experience. The theorizing mentioned above suggests a rather cramping view of the relationship of art to life; but luckily his poetry in general does not. Art can imitate the form, art can be better than life. There is a lifeload of cats in (for example) "The involved voluptuousness of the soft-footed cat/Who is like a fur holding a fur"; or, for that matter, of crows in Ted Hughes's *Crow*.

"The Absolute Monarchist" by George Grosz, from Ecce Homo, which was first published in 1923 but suppressed at that time. This unabridged republication of the original edition, a selection of the artist's work from 1915-1923 (84pp. Dover/Constable; paperback, £2.50), contains 100 drawing, including sixteen in full colour.

Forever travelling

By Roger Garfitt

MICHAEL HAMBURGER:
Real Estate
96pp. Manchester: Carcanet New Press. £2.50 (paperback, £1.95).

Michael Hamburger's last collection was called *Ownerless Earth*: his new collection is entitled *Real Estate*. The contradiction is only apparent, for the real estate in question proves to be an old rectory that the poet decides not to buy. Distracted only momentarily by the "pure idea of dwelling", Mr Hamburger returns to the theme that has preoccupied him for the past decade, that of "travelling", pursued both in individual poems and in his sequence called "Travelling". The sequence itself has travelled some way from its genesis as the title poem of his 1969 collection: grown to two sections, it was published in *Poetry* and won the Levinson Award; grown to five sections, it was published separately by Agenda Editions and as the final section of *Ownerless Earth*. In *Real Estate*, it has expanded again, to nine sections.

Now that we have the whole sequence—this version is, we are assured, definitive—we can see how complex and fluid a metaphor "travelling" has become: starting as a memory link, an association between places, it turns immediately into its converse, dissociation, a state of suspended relationship which metamorphoses, by turns, into an image for the loss of love, an intimation of mortality, and a creative condition, a condition of "unlearning", of lightness and emptiness to which the poet aspires. Written "in winter light, walled/with glass too thin to hold/Any motion but memory's", the poem is so sinuous and transparent that summarizing it is like trying to catch a snake by its sloughed skin.

Fortunately, one or two of the shorter poems in *Real Estate* offer a way of getting to grips. "Birthday" is worth quoting almost entire, to show the associative-dissociative switch enacted, as it were, in slow motion:

An afternoon in August. I lie
drowsing
On the garden bench. Fifty years
melt
In the hot air that transmits
The sounds of happenings whose
place and nature
Hang there, hover. That's how it was
For the baby laid down on a balcony
At siesta time in a distant city;
And is here, now. The known and
the seen
Fall away. A space opens,
Pills with the hum, the thrumming
of what
I am not; the screams, too, the
screaching;
Becomes the sum of my life, a home
Shaping, painless, without sparrows
even
Mute this month, all commotion
human.
Elsewhere, my mother at eighty-
eight
Lies on a deck chair, drowning
In that same space.

"A home/I cannot inhabit" seems to reflect, in turn, on "In Massachusetts II", a sequel to a poem written ten years earlier. The original poem ended with an image of "those empty spaces/Left by unlearning, by forgetfulness,/Larger each day, as I make for a dark house", which seemed to echo the traditional image of man's journey to his long home. In "II" even that degree of certainty is disallowed: "And make for no place but/For this, where/We've no business, none,/And the house, bright/Or dark,/Is not ours."

Both parts of "In Massachusetts" seem to relate closely to "Travelling IV", perhaps the most moving section of this sequence, where the poet relinquishes love, to

Begin again, saying:
Mountain. Lake. Light.
Earth. Water. Air.
You. Nothing more. No one's.

In "Travelling VI", the first of the new sections, "No one's" acquires a positive value as the poet celebrates "the light that's nobody's yet,/New, after all it has fallen on,/New, wherever it falls", a theme echoed in a fine short poem, "Mornings". Only when the "ownerlessness" of earth is accepted can the chain of association-dissociation be broken:

Yet night belittles those dancers
"I", "you", so that morning too
Is emptier, cleansed,
And at last it comes, the lightness,
Freedom to move or stay,
Be here and there, wholly

In "Travelling" a deeply felt personal theme has been resolutely cleansed of personality, turned outwards to form one of the few philosophical poems of our time. The sequence and the cluster of shorter poems that relate to it are the culmination of ten years' work, an achievement to be saluted. It must be added that a number of the other poems in *Real Estate* are, by comparison, lacking in energy: a sad reservation but, perhaps, hardly surprising.

Behind the partitions

By Tom Paulin

ANDREW WATERMAN:
From the Other Country
63pp. Manchester: Carcanet New Press. £2.

Andrew Waterman's first collection, *Living Room*, was remarkable for the way many of the poems caught a meditative sadness in their careful, extended syntax. It showed a willingness to face the realities of Ulster politics, and contained many fine poems which treated different lives with a novelist's openness. Waterman's new volume, *From the Other Country*, makes a disappointing successor to his earlier work, whose deliberately hesitant, exact cadences are either heightened into rhetoric or replaced by inert detail. In "Journey" roads "intersect at, shall we say, for now/it must be noon, this corner facing south", but the sensitivity to the natural rhythms of speech which these lines show is often blurred by the sonorous gestures of lines like: "weave lamentation's dissonant vocables", or "Ghosts, whose unsubstance confirms our existence". Frequently there is a rhythmic and verbal dullness, a settling for the obvious or the abstract.

Waterman is as always a scrupulous observer of bed-sit seediness:

Tenants, not speaking
even goodmornings, edge past
on landings, behind partitions
listen to one another's private
sounds.

His descriptions of layered lives sweating from grubby walls, "the whole house permeable, like limestone or gorgonzola", are obsessively convincing. And sometimes landscapes recalled in exile have a lyrical freshness:

An unapologetic
Irish sky decays:
sunset and Donegal's
ridge lies out on water.

The third and fourth lines deftly shift what could have become a too-insistent, strict rhythm into a flexible lyric cadence. It is for this painstaking attention to what Robert Frost calls "sentence-sound" that Waterman's poems are remarkable.

While it would be pointless to criticize this collection for its lack of political alertness or relevance there is a sense in which it is this that causes the poems to break down into random detail:

And the radio talks into blue day—
to campions, sea-pinks, primroses
run wild
over spring turf—of another sectar-
ian killing.

In "Summer Truce" he gestures at Auden's "The Summer holds", but while Auden's chorus is tense with an ominous political future, Waterman again offers only a series of details. Killings and bombings reported on the radio, personal emotions, are dulled down into staccato lines: "black falls, scuffings, cries". Poems break up into supposedly affective statistics and become shopping-lists of emotions and anxieties. And yet in the fine title-poem where "skies move through my skull, and the changing light/over the water" a prevailing clarity binds the detail together. He observes an alien culture whose people

are all gone round the bend of the
field, out of change.
Behind the clock on the mantel
dust thickens on letters
strangely-addressed, from children
across the water".

Exiled in Ulster, he presents the complexities of rootedness and escape, and his detachment makes him notice how "Even their smiles have a terrible innocence". He catches a marvellous, ghostly speech in "In the Album", and in "A New Babel" creates an all-too-convincing, mediocre professor of Eng Lit.

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Learning from the landscape

By Peter Scupham

PAUL MULDOON:
Mules
59pp. Faber and Faber. £1.95.

Paul Muldoon's first collection, *New Weather*, was remarkable for a sense of shape and coherence in its verse structures, and a verbal resilience and energy which those structures were pliable enough to contain without atrophying. The legends, fictions, and recollections which made the book were handled in a language of resourceful simplicity, a diction timeless and balladic; somewhat derivative, yet tempered always by a strong sense of the external actuality of the natural world.

Paul Muldoon opens *Mules*, his new collection, with an oblique defence of a poetry which refuses to be converted into an overt social act, though his lay figure, the revolutionary Pancho Villa, shakes a monitory finger over the poet's "stars and horses, pigs and trees". Throughout, Muldoon's tact enables him to work from the strong, deeply-felt landscapes in which he has grown up, allowing the suggestions drawn from them to take on a wider life and energy. There is a greater clarity in these poems, more human warmth and less myth-making than there was in *New Weather*; the change seems appropriately symbolized by Faber's use of a clean roman rather than an italic face for the text of the book.

Again, Muldoon's taste for anecdote, invention, and parable shows strongly. "The Big House" celebrates with dry, ironic understatement the *Romanitas* of the Ascendancy as seen from below stairs; in "Vaquero", the dead cowboy, lashed to the saddle, rides home with:

. . . the hulo of buzzards
That was once a rippling, swirling
lasso

No wider now than his hat-band.

One of the most attractive of these worlds, landscapes of the camera obscura, is "The Merman", a poem where mirrored farms of land and water are handy-dandied with ease, wit and elegance.

In this second book Muldoon has seen no need to relax those patterns and shapes by which the experiences are given form. Those successions of half-rhymes and approximations chipped in at the end of the line, still falling short of resolution in the final stanza, give a nervy, open quality to his perceptions, sorting well with the deceptively casual openings: "Do you remember me, Cass?" "My father was a servant boy", "I've seen one in a fairground". Inside this informal formality of structure, Muldoon finds images of great particularity. The miners go down

Swinging, for fear of the gas,
The soft flame of a canary.

Such a cut-away metaphor is not typical of Muldoon's style, which is reliant more on action and event, a sense of the thing-in-itself rather than its accretions and connotations; the whole poem is more likely to be a metaphor than to contain metaphors.

Paul Muldoon's work is now built on very real skills and perceptions. There do seem to be some dangers. The habit of creating poems from suggestive scenes and episodes can leave the reader with too strong a sense of the occasional. Several poems lack tension: in "How to Play Championship Tennis" or "The Country Club", the approach results in merely attractive, slight pieces told by a poetic raconteur. Muldoon, either in propria persona or as a character actor, intrudes the egotistical "I", "my" or "me" too often for comfort. The diction has become less pushy than it was in *New Weather*, where there was sometimes a tone more appropriate to *Cold Comfort Farm* than to real wind and weather; now there is a greater sobriety, with occasional ventures into mythopoeia or burlesque heroics—in England you may drink a double whisky, in Ireland you're still likely to come across someone "in a fairground/Swigging a quart of whiskey".

At the worst comes the close of a Roethke-esque piece, "Largesse": "Numberless cherubim and seraphim/Alleluia on my prick!" Here the exclamation mark hardly excuses the tone of this monstrous and disgusting hyperbole. Such poems reinforce the feeling that *Mules* is a book which does not yet carry the overall authority of an assured poetic personality. Sometimes, too, the open-ended nature of the final stanzas can seem to give a false resolution: an echoing final line which teases as much as it discloses.

Yet Pancho Villa is answered, in so far as Paul Muldoon's temperament can answer him, in the brief closing sequence "Armageddon, Armageddon", where in seven glancing poems the themes of exile, homecoming, love, civil strife, and survival are handled with a compressed gravity and restraint. Here the poet shows a way of realizing his experiences in the terms of an artist, rather than a politician or journalist: the group is a handsome promise of good poems to come.

Feelings of exclusion

By Andrew Motion

NEIL POWELL:
At the Edge
61pp. Manchester: Carcanet New Press. £2.

JAMES RICHARDSON:
Reservations
75pp. Princeton University Press. £5.85 (paperback, £2.25).

PETER REDGROVE:
Ten Poems
28pp. Words Press, 89 Theberton Street, London N1. £5 (signed cloth) £2.25 (paperback) £25 (special edition 10 copies).

The poets in Neil Powell's first collection, *At The Edge*, contain numerous statements of their intent: "the writer's craft" is proposed throughout as a means by which to create "a formal fountain" where "clarity/Of vision, not the mind's blind chemistry" may be seen to prevail, and where "the merely amateur" is consistently rejected in favour of "the well wrought". But while the frequency of this emphasis on formality seems rather dogged, Neil Powell's preferences have in fact served him well; his book adroitly practises what it preaches, and represents a professional, serious and distinguished debut.

There are, nevertheless, dangers as well as delights in craftsmanship, and the temptation to exchange it for ingenuity is one that he is not always able to resist. In the elegy "A Cooling Universe" for instance, both rhythm and material fling as he toils through fourteen sections in order to produce a finale comprised of thick opening lines. Elsewhere, he keeps this kind of dexterity to a minimum, but the barrier it raises against "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" is sometimes replaced by another consciousness. His knowledge that he is, in his colleagues' eyes at least, "that looney poet bloke"—like the reference to his poems' intended effects in "A Pebble", "The Cricketers" and his two-verse letters—testifies to a selfconsciousness which occasionally forces him to lose contact with the physical reality of his experience.

Although this tendency to remind himself of his role and responsibilities as a writer accounts for the weaker moments in *At The Edge*, it also introduces the recurrent themes of his most successful pieces. In "At Berkswell", for example, he explores a sense of isolation which is provoked by the apparently self-sufficient character of the place itself.

Tradition too secure for sentiment
Is here encased in timber, stone,
and glass,
To demonstrate that our predicament
Is unimportant. Years and tourists
pass,
It waits behind us here, watching
us depart,
Forgetting us, it hides, a place
apart.

The isolation is, moreover, deepened here by the sideloing glance that he gives at Larkin's "An Arundel Tomb"; and with the faint echo of Edward Thomas's "The Long Small Room" in "Afternoon Dawn", Neil Powell reticently suggests that a mind well versed in literature faces special difficulties in forming uniquely personal ties with the world it surveys. And it is precisely this struggle against exclusion by self, language and landscape that organizes the sequence of "Suffolk Poems" which stand at the heart of his book: the precarious sanctuary they describe is not only well wrought but also sufficiently aware of its potential disruption to bode very well for his future development.

Here is another world's end,
Just haven on your journey;
trapped by the river's long bend,
eyed by castle, church, and quay—
this place the seasons defend.

The majority of James Richardson's poems are also preoccupied with various forms of exclusion, but where *At The Edge* investigates the experience of isolation itself, *Reservations* analyses its aftermath. As far as human relationships are concerned, any eventual reconciliation is usually achieved by the grim-faced acceptance of hardship which "A Season of Farewell" typifies:

And you, intractably deep-hearted
one,
love, I will see far
on the road to the fire,
till you drug in, ruined, hating me,
and, disgraced, I take to you again.

The landscape in which such scenes occur is correspondingly bleak; in his long sequence "The Encyclopedia of the Stones: A Pastoral", for instance, he imagines stones as the rightful inheritors of a world which only their intractable patience is able to endure, "polishing the desperate poverty of life into an opulence beyond all conception of light".

This fascination with the subject of survival is one that James Richardson shares with Derek Mahon, and, also like Mahon, he regularly adopts a tone of wintry sophistication to lighten the darkness which surrounds it. "The Condemned", "The Will", and "The Family of Ties", for example, are all concerned with different aspects of "terminal democracy" but succeed in holding despair at bay by securing themselves within the pale of disciplined urbanity. It is this strategy which illuminates the most rewarding facet of his title: instead of offering poems as "reservations" in the sense of qualifications, he defines them as places of stability, patrolled by an unusually wary and well organized intelligence.

It is not urbanity but imaginative subtlety that Peter Redgrove employs to regulate and interpret the disruptive elements of his experience. A number of his attractively produced *Ten Poems* examine the ways in which man's inhumanity to man threatens to drown "the quieter sounds of love and people-making", and in all of them a rich pattern of imagery is deployed to convert what is simply destructive or unpleasant into what is absorbingly grotesque. It is, as ever, an impressive display, and one which, as "The Bombs" and "The Shrinking Clock" illustrate, is finely controlled by his use of tense narrative structures.

The summer 1977 issue of the poetry magazine *Outposts* (number 113) has recently appeared, edited by Howard Sergeant (40pp. Outposts Publications, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL. 50p). It includes work by Alan Stilitoe, Joan Michelson, Ruth Feinlight, Peter Redgrove and a poem on "Heptonstall" by Michael Parker.

Among the poets whose recent publications are reviewed are Gavin Ewart and Peter Levi. Margaret Pain contributes a notice on some of the twenty-odd past pamphlets produced by Outpost Publications, saying "Life and Death make a pattern of strong contrast throughout this batch of booklets". A list of other poetic activities is also included.

TLS Commentary

Excavations in a nutshell

"Assembled on the occasion of the Queen's Silver Jubilee", the Fabergé exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum (until September 25) puts contemporary mankind to shame. The exhibition is a monument not only to the lost imperial luxury of Fabergé's patrons but to the intricate decorative genius of the jeweller himself. Ever since the gaudy relics of Tutankhamun lured mobs to the British Museum, the major exhibitions in London have been celebrations of a wealth which, for us, has been transferred from actuality to art: China, Bulgaria, Pompeii and now Tsarist Russia have flaunted their riches at us.

The Victoria and Albert Museum brags in its press release of the opulent hardware which protects and ferries about its fragile exhibits: "police escorts, an international liner, and a personal jumbo-jet have been employed to deliver to the V and A these "tiny but immensely valuable items"; the "famous lenders", as the museum bills them, are rather more honoured than the jewels, for while each case displays a discard listing the international plutocracy of donors, the jewels themselves are merely numbered and descriptions have to be tracked down in a beautiful but confusing catalogue. Nevertheless, the names of the lenders, a polyglot procession like the catalogue of Gatsby's summer guests, have a telltale significance, for they reveal how the wealth of the Tsars has been dispersed and redistributed since 1917. Among the fortunate inheritors are such Gatsby characters as Andrew H. Lane Pancyko, New Jersey, Dr Anita Katz, PhD, Syracuse, NY, Stavros Niarchos, and Mr and Mrs E. Amirkhanian, Teheran. And a pair of gold opera glasses, "chased with rococo scrolling and . . . set with rubies, rose diamonds, and two brilliants" is now the property of Mr and Mrs Bing Crosby, California.

The catalogue is a production of Debrett's Peerage Ltd, the dogmatists of etiquette, who on an accompanying leaflet disclose that their ancestry service has adjusted itself to the economic realities which have transmitted those opera glasses to Bing Crosby. This year their genealogical department has been democratized: "The same expertise used to investigate the lineage of peers and monarchs" is now being used to research commoners as well".

The exhibition itself is Fabergé's justification, and shows him turning craftsmanship into art by the perverse and penitential logic with which he miniaturizes natural objects and finds aesthetic correlatives for natural substances. Work like this may have entailed servile drudgery: Fabergé records that one of his underlings, a self-taught mechanic, laboured for three years on the diminutive mechanical peacock which perches on a gold tree inside the 1908 rock crystal egg. The dazzling smallness of scale, and the terrifying exigencies of technique, result in an art which is not precisioned clockwork but a daring and extravagant liberation of fantasy.

Eggs implode to disclose a screen of military miniatures or a Resurrection triptych, a coronation coach, or (in 1884) a nesting hen. The hen itself escoonced inside a yolk of gold, opens when decapitated to reveal a diamond replica of the Imperial Crown, which in its turn happens to be only the case for a ruby pendant. These metamorphoses all occur within an impossibly constricted area: the 1884 egg is 2½ inches high, the hen inside it 1¾ inches long. Nature has been controverted, the process of generation reversed. Instead of the creature hatching from an egg which it must crack in order to grow, the egg uncovers not an organism but an icon, an image which develops not by enlarging but by diminishing, unwrapping ever-smaller mutations of itself. Breaking an egg is a proverbial admission of the accidents and incompleteness to which human existences are subject: Fabergé undoes all that. His eggs do not shatter, but open on hinges and effloresce into art. They are specimens of a perfection which disdainfully abolishes nature.

In literary terms, they are also triumphs of irony. Like the ironist, Fabergé's field of operation is the *infinity of thinness, not the windy* immensity of the sublime. He imprisons himself in a nutshell, as Hamlet says, and excavates there a kingdom of boundless space. The V & A have provided him with a suitably introverted setting, a verdurous and gloomy tunnel with recesses in its walls. The glaring brightness of the jewel cabinet has been transformed into a hermetic cave, the den of a magus as well as the workshop of an engineer.

Peter Conrad

Hair under the hammer

July 5 and 6 will be red-letter days for literary trichologists and other fetishists, for then Sotheby's are selling quantities of Dickens's hair in three lots, and also some of Tennyson's. There isn't any actual Wilde hair, though a discussion on its length by Punnie Albert Smith, of Baltimore, accompanies an autograph. But the mane of Dickens may be thought to reside less in his hair than in his penwiper, snuffbox, pinholder, and travelling desk, all of which are on offer. Yet the hair and furbelows are just the topdressing in a sale choked with important and often unknown archival material, whose sale has provoked the usual anguished cries from those who feel the Bankard's hegemony is threatened if anything over moves anywhere. Once Wordsworth's slippers, say, leave the Lake District, it matters little whether they are in Bloomsbury or Washington; and a move from private hands in England to an institutional library in the United States is a net gain in accessibility, making scholars and civilized happy. We are not yet in danger of losing all our ancestral shrunken heads for a handful of calico.

How one feels about the destination of the William Backford archive, depends on one's estimate of his importance, which has perhaps been inflated by succeeding aristocratic bibliophiles and elegant dabblers. It is certainly a spectacular trove, with 1,500 letters, architectural drawings for Fonthill, and a collection of drafts that includes the only surviving fragment of the manuscript of *Vathek*, and the whole of *Dreams, Waking Thoughts and Incidents* which is of bulked-varsity even as a printed book. But there can be no doubt of the interest and importance of the collection of Wordsworth papers, including sequences of letters to his wife, sister, and friends, and many early drafts of poems. Those thirty-two lots will, sensibly, be offered as a single lot but may be split if the reserve is not reached.

The catalogue offers some choice *examples of cataloguer's prose*. Churchill letters range from "L.s", "Fine L.s", "Important L.s", "Charming L.s", and "Remarkable L.s" to the superlative of "Fine Churchillian A.L.s". Saleworthy persons are capitalized: thus in Lot 1, a Victorian autograph album, Marie Corelli but LOUIS WAIN, Stanley Baldwin but MARCONI: "The words of politicians are never valuable, but letters by Lawrence Oates, that very gallant gentleman, are "of the greatest rarity".

There are some remarkable official documents on the early history of Australia and the American colonies ("when you shall be arrived in New York you shall take possession thereof in my name from those Dutch who have lately seated themselves there") and others more humble ("the onley draw back heare is the long winter for the frost Come on about the midel of desember"). Royal documents range from Henry VIII (an initial-letter portrait with a chubby Mr Potato-head enthroned in a letter H—£400-£500) to Edward VIII (a crayon note on an old envelope of Mrs Simpson's, "a piquant *association*"—£100-£150). At these prices Jane Austen's manuscript *Volume the Second* which contains, among others, *Love and Freindship*, admittedly not her maturest work, seems a giveaway at £35,000-£40,000.

With bat, ball and book

A simple question to start with: which of our indigenous and civilized summer games is mentioned once each in the *First Book* of Rabelais, in William Blake's "Island in the Moon" and in James Joyce's *Ulysses*? Cricket, you will hardly need to be told, a game with more and better literature to its name than any other. And having established that, two much harder questions: which remarkable opening batsman wrote "a romance of the cricket field" called *The Test Match Surprise* (come to that, what was the surprise)? and which Victorian novelist gives over a chapter in one of his doubledeckers to a prospective cricket match, set in the year 1980, between England and Britannula?

The answer to the first question is Jack Hobbs, of Surrey and England, who published his substantial (253pp) but obscure tale in 1926—since copies are hard to come by, we must wait to be told what the surprise was; and to the second question Anthony Trollope, in another rather obscure book called *The Fixed Period*, published in 1882. These two items are Nos 5938 and 6070 respectively in a lovely, fat, green-bound *Bibliography of Cricket* compiled by B. W. Padwick (649pp. Published by the Library Association for the Cricket Society. Members of either can get it for £25.60, for the rest of us it costs £32). The next time bad light stops play (it is unlikely to be too dark to read), or the batting becomes unwatchably slow, where better to turn instead than to the 8,294 listings of this evocative bibliography — although some of the entries, if one looks closely, say "entry cancelled", which is no doubt the bibliographical equivalent of a no-ball.

Not all the curiosities of the book come under the heading of "Cricket in Literature" by any means. The earlier, more technical sections have their moments too. How nice to find, for a start, that there is at least one bibliography in existence which can quite logically contain the rubric "Balls"; it has seven entries, including the Oval balladeer Albert Craig's verses "About a Cricket Ball", and a law report it would have been good to have been told more about, of a case heard before the Lord Chief Justice no less and a Special Jury in 1898, between Duke & Son and John Wisden & Co. Cricket balls, we all know, can be unpleasantly hard and it is no surprise a few pages further on in the *Bibliography* to meet a brief but frightening section on "Injuries; Welfare", which opens with R. H. Campbell's grim opuscule *Some Statistics concerning Cricket Casualties*; this appeared in Melbourne in 1933, suspiciously soon after the end of the disgraceful bodyline tour of Australia by the MCC—perhaps it should have been listed under "Propaganda".

But away from these banausic concerns. Cricket as metaphor, cricket even as allegory, that is what one should be searching for in a *Bibliography* such as this. Two classes of writer in particular have made much of cricket's gentility and its testing of a chap's fibre. The first is the crime novelists, for whom a cricket-field obviously makes an ideally unsuitable and enclosed place for someone to be murdered: an outdoor version of the country-house library. A glance at the *Bibliography* brings titles like *The Amazing Test Match Crime*, *The Test Match Murder*, *Death at Lord's* or, best of all, *Death Before Wicket*. The second class is that of the writers of religious tracts, adept at borrowing the terminology of the game the better to make the Almighty seem thoroughly English ("God likes to get you with a bouncer now and again, doesn't He . . ."). Those sentimentalists make a gruesome showing here, with *The Game of Life: talks with Boys and Girls*, *Sunlit Fields: Cricket and the Greater Game* and *The Cricket Field of Christian Life*. Alone among them, Henry Drummond seems to have hit on a new twist to get the Message across: his best-selling *Baxter's Second Innings* of 1892 was bound in the shape of a pair of pads. Just the job for saving the skins from The Great Fast Bowler in the Sky.

Portrait of Edward Sackville-West—writer, musicologist and hair to Knole—by Graham Sutherland, 1957: a "magnificent image of controlled distress", as Benedict Nicolson, a relative of the sitter, wrote in The Burlington Magazine. *This remarkable painting is among the portraits by Graham Sutherland on exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery until October 16.*

Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS *of June 30, 1927, Prince Mirsky was taken to task by R. D. Charques for being unfashionably kind to Turgenev in his* History of Russian Literature:

Prince Mirsky is kinder to Turgenev than general opinion nowadays allows; the kindness is not unwelcome, but it will not do to maintain that Turgenev's love of pretty, romantic settings has all the effect of lyric poetry. Turgenev, after all, must seem in these days an incurable romantic; his melancholy sentiment for nature heightens his emotional effects, but it also shows up his limitations as a novelist, emphasizing the rather tame romantic conventions by which he loses in reality what he gains in narrative art. To Dostoevsky Prince Mirsky extends a sincere and disillusioned hand. When he says that "the young men of today are not far from putting him on a level with Dumas" he is only exaggerating, perhaps unconsciously, a necessary and highly salutary [illegible] Dostoevsky [illegible] as critical as Turgenev, and certainly more pretentious. His conception of raw adventures of the spirit is exciting, capturing the imagination almost in the same way that less mature minds are held by physical adventure. But metaphysical broodings and blasphemies are hardly as firmly rooted in everyday affairs as Dostoevsky liked to pretend. Myshkin, Stavrogin, and Kirilov, even Ivan Karamazov, are not so much human beings as ideals of moral and religious adventure. It is only at a time of "spiritual" disintegration, as was the second half of the nineteenth century in Russia, that profound and dramatic pretences like Dostoevsky's can exert so much intellectual pressure. When this is generally realized—*and it is certainly being realized* in Bolshevist Russia—a fascinating but indiscreet (the word is Chekhov's) tradition of Russian literature will have died a timely death.

The torrents of the Prague Spring

By Archie Brown

H. GORDON SKILLING:
Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution
940pp. Princeton University Press. £31.30 (paperback, £10.50).

OTA SIK:
The Third Way
431pp. Wildwood House. £10.

JIRI PELIKAN:
Socialist Opposition in Eastern Europe
The Czechoslovak example
222pp. Allison and Busby. £5.25 (paperback, £2.95).

For a generation Czechoslovakia has belonged, in a political sense, to Eastern Europe. Yet the democratic, libertarian and pluralist *traditions of Czechs (in particular)* and Slovaks have produced a political consciousness in Czechoslovak society which is sharply at odds with orthodox communist norms.

Communist leaders in Czechoslovakia, faced by this awkward fact, have responded in two different ways. In the last years of Stalin's rule, oppression in Czechoslovakia was more severe than in other East European states (as an unpleasant tribute to the very strength of Czech social democratism) and in the 1970s Czechoslovakia has again distinguished itself from its neighbours by the degree of political persecution—with tens of thousands of citizens, whose definition of socialism differs from that currently accepted in Prague Castle, thrown out of the jobs for which they are qualified and their children denied access to higher education.

In between these times of reaction came a much shorter period in which an entirely different response was adopted by Czechoslovak communist leaders—the eight months from January to August 1968. *For though the reform movement* in the Czechoslovak Communist Party can be traced back to 1956 (and Khrushchev's speech at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party) and though it gathered greater strength from 1963 onwards, it was only within those remarkable 227 days that the party leadership, as distinct from the party intelligentsia, responded to the political values, beliefs and hopes of a majority of Czechs and Slovaks by going more than half way to meet them.

Thus, when the Soviet political leadership claimed that the "leading role of the Communist Party" and the operation of "democratic centralism" within it had been undermined, they were, in a significant sense, right. These fundamental tenets of communist rule had become so modified by the practice of a few months that they were unrecognizable to any Moscow ideologist, accustomed to surveying them in their Soviet forms.

Where the interventionists were wrong (though it was a natural rationalization in the Soviet context) was to describe events in Czechoslovakia prior to the military invasion as "a particularly sharp instance of class struggle". They were not able to explain why, if this had been the case in a country which had enjoyed membership of the "socialist camp" for twenty years, the working class were losing—losing so ignominiously that they required reinforcement from almost half a million foreign troops.

In fact, though there was some suspicion of the economic reform on the part of unskilled workers, the political reforms of 1968 (the repluralization of the political system and the *de facto* abolition of censorship) were welcomed by the overwhelming majority of the Czechoslovak working class. This was demonstrated not only by the actions of workers immediately after August 21, 1968, but in surveys conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences throughout 1968. The politicians who were seen as symbols of the political revival (above all, Dubček, though his position was very much one of a receptive listener to party and popular opinion rather than that of an instigator of radical political change) enjoyed enormous popularity.

The Action Programme of the Communist Party which outlined plans for far-reaching political and economic reform, and is condemned by the present leadership as revisionist, was supported in 1968 even by a majority of those who are still members of the Czechoslovak Communist Party. An Institute of Public Opinion poll of September, 1968, found that 94.6 per cent of respondents expressed agreement with it, the level of support being equally strong among members and non-members of the Communist Party and incorporating (clearly) the great majority of working-class respondents.

What happened in Czechoslovakia in 1968 was so important—the culmination of a cautious, yet determined, intellectually sophisticated, yet ultimately popular movement for political transformation within a society in which the institutional power of conservative communists had seemed invincible—that it deserves the most detailed examination and analysis in depth.

This has now been provided by H. Gordon Skilling in *Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution*, a book which is likely to serve for a generation as the most comprehensive and illuminating account of the events of 1968. A number of good books have been written on recent Czechoslovak politics and there is still room for additional specialist studies on particular aspects of the 1960s in Czechoslovakia. But Skilling's superb examination of the background to the changes of 1968, and especially the politics of those crucial eight months, is so far superior to the work of any previous writer on the subject as to discourage attempts at emulation. Prudent would-be successors will no doubt wait until the passage of time, further emigration and possible changes in Prague have brought to light still more information, to be added to the wealth of revealing primary source materials which are already available (though they have not hitherto been pursued with such pertinacity or used in such abundance as by Professor Skilling).

Not only Professor Skilling, but his publisher are to be congratulated on having the courage to produce a very long—and so inevitably expensive—book in which not one page is otiose and which has the additional merit of being beautifully printed and bound. Approximately six hundred pages are devoted to the vital eight months in 1968, and they are preceded by six valuable chapters on the growth of the crisis within the Communist Party and its roots in Czechoslovak society in the years before 1968. The important period between the military intervention in August 1968, and the removal of Dubček from the Party First Secretaryship in April 1969, is worth more attention than Skilling has space to give it, but this cannot be considered a criticism when the author has already given us so much.

Professor Skilling succeeds in combining the advantages of a chronological and thematic approach. One of the six sections into which his book is divided consists of a month-by-month account of political change between January and August, but in other sections, notably those on "The New Model of Socialism", "Contending Political and Social Forces", and "The International Context" he takes up a series of fundamental themes and issues of 1968 and supports his cogent analysis with a wealth of evidence from a wide range of sources. The book must be regarded as essential reading for anyone with more than a passing interest in Czechoslovakia or in the comparative study of communism. *Though the size* and scholarly solidity of the work make this a time-consuming task, the clarity and precision of the writing, and avoidance of unnecessary jargon, turn the many hours spent on it into a pleasant duty.

One of the themes which Professor Skilling rightly takes up is that of the tensions and conflicts to be found in the Czechoslovak Communist Party. Notwithstanding the broad support which existed within the society as a whole for the changes which were taking place in the spring and summer of 1968, there was a small but significant minority of party members for whom the outside intervention came only just in time. Indeed, the major reason why the invasion occurred in August rather than later was that in September the Fourteenth Congress of the party was to take place and the political composition of those elected as delegates had already made it clear that the most conservative members of the Central Committee were going to lose their seats to committed reformers. At the same time the reformers themselves were divided among those who wished essentially to do no more than liberalize the orthodox communist system (somewhat on the lines of the Kádár model in Hungary), those who wished to institutionalize a one-party pluralism (such a pluralism already existed *de facto* by the summer of 1968 as a result of the pressure of popular opinion and the self-assertion of various groups and interests within the society), and those who wished to go further and permit genuine competition between different political parties within a framework of loyalty to socialism (socialism being defined, essentially, in terms of public ownership).

If the struggle had been left entirely to Czechoslovak domestic forces to determine, there is no doubt that either of the latter two alternatives (both of which amounted to a fundamental transformation of the pre-existing political system) would have prevailed. It is probable that in time a one-party pluralism would have given way to competitive party politics, with the revitalized Communist Party and a reborn Social Democratic Party the main contenders for office, but with a return to capitalism not on the agenda.

It is unlikely that the existing minor parties in Czechoslovakia in 1968 would have played a great part in future political developments. They had swum with the tide for so long that it had become a conditioned reflex. Even in 1968, when they began putting forward views distinctive from those of the Communist Party leadership, they were following, rather than leading public opinion. Discussing the government formed by Oldřich Černík in April 1968, Professor Skilling notes: "The minor parties, paradoxically, had less representation than under Novotný (one from the People's Party, V. Vícek, Minister of Health, and one from the Socialist Party, B. Kučera, Minister of Justice), a fact which evoked some criticism."

Paradox this may have been, but it was not inconsistent with serious *reformist intent, for the pressure* for change—at a time when to press for this still involved some risk to one's career—had come from members of the Communist Party, not from those in the minor parties. Indeed, when I was in Prague in 1965 and was astonished by the radical reformist views I encountered among Communist Party intellectuals (who argued that really serious political change had not yet begun), the most complacent account of the status quo offered me came from a prominent member of the Socialist Party, a deputy committee chairman in the National Assembly, who argued that elected bodies now exercised political control and that all the necessary measures to counter "Stalinism" had been taken. The fact that this deputy, Bohuslav Kučera, was in 1968 to become a liberal Minister of Justice does not mean that he and his colleagues in the minor parties, puppets for so long, deserve much credit for revitalizing Czechoslovak political life.

"The revival process of democratization", as Ludvík Vaculík wrote in his famous *Two Thousand Words*, "began in the Communist Party". Very fairly, however, as a member of that party, he added that it "could not have begun anywhere else". The process had been such that "only the communists could for twenty years lead anything like a full political life, only the communists were in a position to know what was happening" . . . .

What Vaculík (and many others in Czechoslovakia of 1968) called the "revival process", what most Western scholars called a "reform", what the Soviet leaders and conservative Czechoslovak communists called a "counterrevolution", Professor Skilling calls a "revolution". He admits that before finally settling on the title of *Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution*, he had doubts and second thoughts along the way. Yet, when he had come to the end of his prodigious effort of research and analysis, he returned to the title which he first used in an article published in *Canadian Slavonic Papers* at the end of 1968.

Skilling's argument that it was a revolution is advanced (and carefully qualified) in a lucid concluding chapter. The essence of his position is contained in the following quotation:

> January 1968 was the product of a breakdown of the old order conforming to Lenin's classic recipe for a revolutionary situation: the rulers were unable to continue to rule in the old way, and the ruled were unwilling to be so ruled. It involved the gradual loss of power by a strong ruling group—the bureaucratic or *apparatchik* class, some 100,000 in number—and a portentous shift in the balance of forces within the party and in society as a whole. Although the impetus for reform was initially given by party leaders (who were certainly not revolutionaries) and by certain intellectual elites, all social groups were eventually drawn into the quickening currents of political action. . . .
>
> What happened in Czechoslovakia between January and August 1968 was certainly not a counterrevolution in the sense that socialism was being repudiated. On the contrary, public ownership of Czechoslovak industry was not in question (though reform of its structure and improvement of its accountability were) and even the collectivization of

agriculture was in no danger of being reversed (since collectivized agriculture in Czechoslovakia actually works). From the point of view of the Politburo in Moscow, a counter-revolution was under way, but that is because socialism, as understood in the Kremlin, is synonymous with the essential features of the Soviet political and economic system.

If, however, it was a revolution which was taking place in Czechoslovakia, it was, paradoxically, one which was not only being presided over by moderate leaders with limited, incremental reforms in view, but which was being led by intellectuals, and supported by a people who had become profoundly distrustful of "revolution" as a means of effecting desirable political change. Most of the important political activists in the movement for change within Czechoslovakia could fairly be described as *former* revolutionaries, who, as young men and women in the immediate post-war period, had consciously sought the revolutionary transformation of their country and had assumed that if this could be achieved in the social and economic sphere, the political arrangements would look after themselves.

For some of them by the middle 1950s, for almost all of them by the mid-1960s, the naivety of this position had become painfully obvious. They became reformers, some more radical and others more cautious—and yet the cumulative impact of their actions was revolutionary in as much as it was in the process of producing fundamental (though non-violent) change in the political system, and in that sense the title which Professor Skilling accords his book is fully justified.

The most essential point, perhaps, is that within a communist state there are certain pillars of the system which, if removed, turn it into something different in kind. These pillars are: the unchallengeable hegemony ("leading role") of the Communist Party, the highly centralized structure of the party with very limited rights of debate and the maintenance of strict discipline (which is what "democratic centralism" has come to connote), and political censorship of the media of communication. If these pillars are undermined, the system does not necessarily cease to be socialist, but whether it remains socialist becomes dependent upon the support within the society for such a socio-economic system. In Czechoslovakia—unlike a number of other communist states—such support existed, but there was at least as great support for the removal of those pillars of the existing political structure which were impediments to a pluralistic political system. In the political sphere, in other words, change of a revolutionary nature was under way.

The books by Ota Šik and Jiří Pelikán differ not only in scope and content from Professor Skilling's *magnum opus*, but by virtue of having been written not by an outside academic observer (albeit an exceptionally well-informed one) but by active participants in the movement for political change within Czechoslovakia. Ota Šik, indeed, was one of the key figures of the reform movement of the 1960s. Not only was he the leading advocate of economic reform but it was he who enveigled Novotný by daring to tell the assembled delegates at the thirteenth Congress of the Czechoslovak Communist Party in 1966 that the economic reform would not work unless it was accompanied by political reform. It was Šik who was the first to propose the resignation of Novotný from his First Secretaryship of the party at the crucial plenary session of the Central Committee in December 1967, and it was Šik (at one of the bodyguard sessions of that time and one of the few significant contributory factors to the fall of Novotný which has eluded the attention of Professor Skilling) who approached in advance of the Central Committee session those members whom he thought would be prepared to vote against Novotný if they knew that others would join them and thus, to a large extent, coordinated the opposition.

Jiří Pelikán, like Šik a committed communist from his youth, was also like him far from having been a sycophant in the late 1940s and early 1950s. This was partly a product of their earlier experience. Šik spent the war years in Mauthausen concentration camp (where he first made the acquaintance of Antonín Novotný) and Pelikán was arrested in 1940 and imprisoned by the Gestapo as a member of the Hlinka Youth Communist Party. His mother was arrested as a hostage on his account and later murdered by the Nazis. There is nothing in the background of Šik and Pelikán which makes either than ludicrous the pro-capitalist labels attached to them by certain members of the contemporary Czechoslovak establishment. Yet, in common with many communists of their generation (and still more of a slightly younger generation) Šik and Pelikán made the difficult transition from allegiance to the most orthodox party dogma to a radical critique of the existing system. Both, and especially Šik, were leading figures during the eight months of reformist ascendancy in 1968. Both have continued to provide a critique of the orthodox communist system since then as political emigrants (Šik in Switzerland and Pelikán in Italy), and Pelikán has become the most prominent publicist of the Czechoslovak socialist opposition in exile and a particularly well-informed critic of repression in his homeland.

On Šik's *The Third Way* is a significant contribution to economic and political analysis which continues and summarizes much of his theoretical work in Czechoslovakia. Marx remains a central influence, but Šik attempts to reunite Marxist and non-Marxist economic theory and from his present neo-Marxist position he qualifies about criticizing weaknesses in the theory of Marx and, still more, in that of Lenin. The greater part of his book is concerned with economic theory, but Šik correctly recognizes that it is the Marxist theory of politics which is its weakest link and which stands in greatest need of revision. His chapters on a dictatorship of the proletariat" and "the role of the Communist Party" are among the more valuable fruits of his reflections upon his political experience. In this book, as in his previous works, his theoretical contributions are seldom abstruse; on the contrary, they are clearly linked to the real world of political action. Evidently, Šik has seen too clearly the part which theory may play in politics for good or ill to be interested in the Marxism of the modern schoolmen.

Jiří Pelikán's latest book is concerned with developments in Czechoslovakia since August 1968 and especially with the activities and fate of those Czech and Slovak communists who have continued to espouse the policies which they supported during the "Prague Spring". While most Czechoslovak citizens have responded to the pressures to conform so the reestablished communist orthodoxy by retreating into their private lives and having nothing to do with any political activity if they can possibly avoid it, a significant minority of expelled communists have taken the risk of challenging the legitimacy of the present leadership or, at the very least, of defending themselves and their comparrades in terms of basic human rights against the various forms of political discrimination being practised against them. Pelikán's *Socialist Opposition in Eastern Europe* was published prior to the appearance of Charter 77, but the second half of the book consists of translations of a series of no less notable documents of the Czechoslovak socialist opposition and the first half contains the author's informative commentary on relations between the state and its more openly critical citizens during the period of "normalization".

Less radical reformers who have refused to forsake the principles which they accepted in 1968 have, in many cases, come under no less political and psychological pressure than their more radical comrades. Of those in the former category, [illegible] Alexander Dubček, the author of the posthumously published book, Dubček's moving letter of condolence, written in January 1974, to the widow of Josef Smrkovský.

Unlike Dubček, the majority of Czechs and Slovaks are now living lives which have all the outward appearance of normality. There is, after all, nothing abnormal for most people in most countries in leading non-political lives and for a majority of Czechoslovak citizens material living standards have risen since 1968. For those middle-class Western Marxists who take the patronizing view of workers that they are interested only in economic issues and who believe that the stress on political pluralism and press freedom in Czechoslovakia in 1968 reflected mainly the sectional interests of intellectuals, it may be tempting to conclude that most Czechs have, indeed, been "normalized".

Such a view would be unwise. In certain communist states it may be the case that workers do not miss fruits they have never tasted. Czech workers, however, in common with other Czechoslovak citizens, have both historic and more recent experience of autonomous political activity and memories of days less than a decade ago when there was such a free flow of information and comment in their newspapers, television and radio that it was difficult to resist the temptation to read, watch and listen at the same time. There is a difference between the apolitical attitudes of citizens in societies in which legitimate and autonomous political action remains an option, should grievances become sufficiently strong, and political passivity in societies in which the alternatives are to endorse the current line or to invite persecution.

Ten years ago the majority of people in Czechoslovakia seemed almost as politically passive as the majority are now. Yet within a matter of months they were to become miraculously, as it appeared, "repoliticized". The present "depoliticization" (the charterists and others excepted) should not, therefore, be misread. Since the present Communist Party leadership enjoys less legitimacy and popular support than even the Novotný leadership, it remains peculiarly vulnerable to any changes in the external environment (within the Soviet Union, above all, though not excluding changes in the position and influence of the "Eurocommunists").

An eagerness to die for lost causes has not been the most dominant of Czech political traditions; yet, as the first eight months of 1968 demonstrated, a shift in the balance of political forces which seems to open up realistic possibilities of radical change may evoke a dramatic response. The values and political beliefs openly expressed in 1968 (symbolized by the opinion survey in which an overwhelming majority of the population chose Thomas Masaryk—followed by Jan Hus—as the personality in Czech history whom they esteemed most) were dormant, rather than destroyed, during the previous twenty years. Reinvigorated as those beliefs and values were in 1968, it would be foolish to imagine that the present leadership have had more success than the late Antonín Novotný and his colleagues in undermining their remarkable resilience.

Out in the cold

By Sarah Goad

JOCK HASWELL:
Spies and Spymasters
A Concise History of Intelligence
176pp. Thames and Hudson. £4.95.

Intelligence is the acceptable face of spying. Obviously any responsible commander has to determine the lie of the land and the strength of the opposition; and many of the big spymasters have been generals. The less acceptable face—the cloak and dagger in the back stuff—tends to be more of a politician's sport. The spies themselves were often small fry and disposable.

An interesting gallery of masters emerges: the conquerors Alexander, Julius Caesar, William I. In the sixteenth century Elizabeth's Walsingham stands out, and by the seventeenth spies were having a [illegible] in Charles II's Henry Wootton ran an intricate service. In France Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin had it all buttoned up. The eighteenth century produced the transvestite Chevalier d'Eon, and in the colonies the Americans-to-be were finding their feet—witness the sad tale of Major Andre vividly portrayed in the recent 1776 exhibition. And so eventually to the present day with its faceless agents employed by faceless agencies. Every so often a spy is caught and swopped and the Sunday papers roll all. Tit for tat, we say, and settle back in our armchairs to wonder if it is not rather like the bomb balance: we have got them because they have got them.

Who needs a concise history of intelligence is a bit of a puzzle. It is almost a contradiction in terms. Fascinating stories are hinted at but never told and somehow the whole does not equal the sum of its promising parts. The bibliography must be where the meat is.

To the Editor

Coleridge

Sir,—Norman Fruman (Letters, June 3) does make an interesting point, I don't deny, about Coleridge's various reports of his excursion in August 1802. The only one that mention his praying aloud at the top of a cliff are the intimate letter to Sara written off at once, and an over-elaborate letter to Sotheby, a very literary character, some weeks later. This does not make sure it never happened. Most of his friends were critical of his religiosity, and would be liable to jeer at him for praying when he was frightened. The Notebook entry is a rather technical account of the whole tour, prepared as a record of what he had done; but it is absurd for Fruman to deny that an "exhilarating experience" peeps out when he comes to:

> the *savage, savage* head of Eskdale (Good Heavens! What a climb! dropping from Precipices and at last should have been crag-fast but for the chasm).

He actually quotes part of this, to prove that nothing much happened; and the letter to Sara, he says, merely reports that Coleridge "exclaimed a few words to God, looked around, and found a path to safety". The letter reports a fair number of words, not just a noun and a hello, and a chasm is not usually called a "path". I hope that Fruman himself has never come down a cliff by a chimney, because then one would have to call his replunging dishonest; but, after verse writing missing his brilliant verse he is reading. The letter to Southey about the tour, written on the 9th, just after getting home, says it was a "heart-thrilling" experience, and adds "Hurtley is almost ill with transport at my Scafell expedition" (Hurtley was not quite six years old). Fruman has to treat all this as dull because he makes Coleridge merely a copycat, as regards ideas for poetry, and also a man who never really looked at Nature. We are discussing the tour because it made Coleridge write a poem about Mount Blanc, which had to be plagiaristic since he had never been there; he sent Sotheby a text of the poem next month, with a note, admits Fruman, which refers to having had Scafell "in my thoughts". It quotes a line of poetry, "O blacker than the darkness all the night", which proves that he had written some poetry about Scafell before the disastrous switch to Mont Blanc. Here Fruman must have known that he was juggling with the evidence, as his thesis requires.

His attack on an edition of Coleridge's poetry by David Pirie and myself is irrelevant, but I am willing to answer. Two verses at the start of the poem, where the Mariner tries to hold the Wedding Guest, were reduced to one in 1800, and the Guest is now sternly determined to carry out his social duty, so that an act of magic seems needed to hold him. He had better be looking jolly, and willing to take the Mariner to the party. Perhaps it was Wordsworth who felt that more dignity was required. Wordsworth wrote a disgraceful introductory note to the poem in this edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and had intended to throw out the whole thing: so he is likely to have demanded changes. Some of the changes got rid of the comic Old English, but others remove valuable details in the story which had been complained of as meaningless. The example that Fruman singles out for praise actually drops in a new bit of comic Old English:

> Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

This is not easy to explain, but maybe Coleridge started on the work of revision while still bemused by a tongue-lashing from Wordsworth. As to the "meaningless marvels", this phrase was invented by Southey in a review, provoked by a detail which the author would readily have explained to him; cutting down the marvels to the average Philistine capacity only made nonsense of the story. It is all marvels after it has got going, so if Fruman were allowed to satisfy himself there would be almost nothing left except the delicious line: "Eftsoons his hand dropt he." Gadzooks how flat he fell. Surely it is plain that you can make no estimate of the man's poetry without a grasp of the ideas his mind was working upon.

May I recall that Fruman has not defended his assertions about the two honeymoon poems, the "Eolian Harp" and the other. On his account, Coleridge could have written them before he met Wordsworth to imitate, but he is Fruman in his book excused it by saying that they do not present Nature as making us better, but they plainly do.

WILLIAM EMPSON.
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Inside India

Sir,—Hugh Tinker asserts (June 24) that Mrs Gandhi's regime was supported by "a quite surprising majority of academics" in India. This is unjustified. He should look at the long list of academics who protested against the amendment of the Constitution, while many more maintained a deafening silence. The intellectual critics who supported the Emergency were never more than a small handful.

S. GOPAL
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Edward Marsh

Sir,—G. S. Fraser's review of Timothy Rogers's *Georgian Poetry 1911-1922* (June 17) contains the remark that Edward Marsh published only "a somewhat turgid fragment from Rosenberg's dramatic verse while missing his brilliant war poems". While it is true that Marsh's only printing of Rosenberg was the "Ah! Koeluc!" speech from Rosenberg's *Moses*, in *Georgian Poetry 1916-1917*, this fact is in my own misrepresents the contribution that Marsh made to the development of Rosenberg's poetry.

First, though Marsh criticized Rosenberg's poetry very fiercely, he gave truly ecstatic praise to some of the speeches in *Moses*, and hailed Rosenberg as a poet from whom great things were possible. Second, he can hardly be accused of "missing" Rosenberg's war poetry, and while it is true that he criticized it, he thought highly enough of it to copy out several manuscripts for fear they might be lost. Third, he put Rosenberg in touch with Lascelles Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, and R. C. Trevelyan, these Georgian poets hailed Rosenberg as an extremely powerful and original new talent long before the critical establishment came to recognize him, and furthermore encouraged him to develop several of his strongest talents, notably in the area of symbolic imagery. It is no exaggeration to say that Georgian poets, led by Edward Marsh, provided the main encouragement for Rosenberg to persevere in developing his talents as a poet under the most difficult and depressing of circumstances.

There is a further mistake to be made which has, as yet, received scant critical attention. Marsh's actual criticisms of Rosenberg's work have tended either to be ignored by critics, or passed over as the comments of a hide-bound traditionalist faced with poetry the complexity of which he was unable to grasp. Yet Marsh's complaints were in essence both very simple and to the point. He told Rosenberg that he indulged in too much obscurity, and that he lacked any technical discipline. Any reader of Rosenberg's "Daughters of War" might well feel himself in sympathy with these comments: the symbolic content of this poem is frequently anarchic, while the attempt to convey "the inexorableness of war" that Rosenberg intended is negated by technical incompetence, notably by spasmodic rhythms and wild variation in line length. The major weakness of Rosenberg's work is his inability to structure a poem throughout its length, and this was at the heart of much that Marsh said to Rosenberg about his poetry.

It has been known for some time now that the final line of Sassoon's "The General" was suggested by Edward Marsh; perhaps it is time that Marsh's contribution to the work of all those war poets who existed in or on the fringe of the Georgian movement was re-examined.

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'The World of the Public School'

Sir,—I had resolved to remain silent about Peregrine Worsthorne's account of his seduction by me in the chapter he contributed to *The World of the Public School*, but Robert Morley's review (June 17) has finally provoked me to put the record, as I see it, straight.

The first point is that Peregrine Worsthorne is three years older than I; "So you say" he responded when I put this to him, but it is after all on record. Not that I take the magistrate's view of seduction; a younger person can and often does seduce an older person; but the inference of the passage is that innocent little Perry was pounced on by nasty old George.

Furthermore I have no recollection of my carnal activity at all. Not because I would have rejected it, I can confirm that Peregrine Worsthorne's physical beauty was as startling as he maintains, but at the risk of seeming ungallant, I cannot recall translating my admiration into practice.

It is not that I in any way accuse him of deliberately lying, but memory is notoriously inaccurate and it was over thirty years ago. You might ask, if I remember, as I did, a release of this passage. The answer is mostly because I don't believe in censorship, but partially out of mischief. The idea that the deputy editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* should admit to a relationship with an unerotic jazz singer tickled me slightly but, as review after review singled it out, I felt that at least I should correct what is fast becoming a "factoid".

Hoist on my own petard, perhaps, but although I don't expect to reverse Mr Morley's revised opinion of me, at least it will be founded on a more accurate basis.

Incidentally I thoroughly subscribe to his opinion that Peregrine's contribution is "by far the best chapter in the book".

GEORGE MELLY.
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Reiner Kunze

Sir,—In his review of Reiner Kunze's *Die wunderbaren Jahre* (June 17), Peter Graves is somewhat inaccurate on several points: Kunze is not "now being subjected" to "personal vilification" in East Germany—two months ago he applied for an exit permit, unable any longer to resist the relentless pressure that was put on his family, particularly on his daughter; he was immediately granted the permit, left the GDR and is now living, with his family, in West Germany.

Graves misses the point when he says that the final section of the book, "Café Slavia,", sits a little unhappily with what has gone before. The underlying theme is the same, as he realizes himself, and there is indeed a linking "character"—Kunze himself, who, in the first part, was the father and friend of his daughter and now is the friend and translator of his Czech colleagues. He is the observer and commentator, both in East Germany and in Czechoslovakia, and the whole book is "fragmentary" only in so far as it deals with a situation which is still there, developing in many directions, so that there can be no final paragraph.

Graves mentions one of the "vignettes", almost a poem, "Orgelkonzert (Toccata und Fuge)" as an example of bitterness and despair, culminating in the wish that all the church organs everywhere, in the West as well as in the East, might one day suddenly burst simultaneously into melody to sweep away "die Lügen, von denen die Luft schon so gesättigt ist, dass der um Erleichterung Bemühte kaum noch atmen kann". There is an implicit inaccuracy in that paraphrase: the West is not, as Graves seems to think, the Western world or West Germany, nor is the East Eastern Europe: Kunze links East, West, North and South quite clearly with famous organs in what now is the GDR. For the West, this is the organ of the St Blasius-Kirche in Mühlhausen (Kunze's birthplace) which was organist from 1707 to 1708.

The school authorities in an East German town tried to prohibit pupils from going to the Wednesday evening organ recitals. As a result, the church was packed with pupils. This is the "never reported" incident with which Kunze introduces this prose poem. There is little bitterness, no despair. It is rather the sadness of a music-lover and it is a defiance of a poet who speaks out against a totalitarian system: it is his wish that all the church organs in East Germany "hinwegdrücken all den Terror in Gebete, . . . Wortgestems ein clarinettes Mai, wenigstens für einen Mittwochabend". "Orgelkonzert" is the piece that comes closest to the unique atmosphere of his earlier collections of poetry, *Sensible Wege* (1969), *Zimmerlautstärke* (1972), *Brief mit blauem Siegel* (1973). Kunze may well prove to be the outstanding, and, hopefully, the most influential poet writing in Germany of this decade.

CARSTEN PETER THIEDE.
The Queen's College, Oxford.

'Finnegans Wake'

Sir,—While duly grateful for Vivian Mercier's kind review of my book, *The Sigla of Finnegans Wake* (June 17), I feel I should offer some comment on his speculation that while composing Chapter 1.6, "Joyce mistook the order of Questions 8 and 9 when making his list of sigla: then the cross-in-circle would diagram the twenty-eight phases of the lunar month clearly referred to in the eighth answer, while the ellipse, transferred from Q8 to Q9, would diagram the rainbow as reflected in Noah's flood."

Ignoring the connotations of the ellipse elsewhere in Joyce's MSS, I have to protest that three separate lists of 1.6 sigla appear, two in the notebook containing the first draft, and the third as a series of headings to the questions themselves in the first pen-and-ink copy. Curiously, in one of the notebook lists (the one not reproduced in *Sigla*) Joyce did place an ellipse against Q9, but then he deleted the mark and left the list incomplete. Q9 on the third list has the cross-in-circle again, although now turned forty-five degrees from the original position. But in all three lists an ellipse is quite clearly set opposite Q8 and I am afraid the chances of the two questions having been confused are pretty minimal.

ROLAND McHUGH.
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The Influence of Landscape

Sir,—Concerning the speculations on the influence of natural environment on Harry Stack Sullivan (April 1, and letter of May 27), I call attention to Carl Lamson Carmer's *Listen for a Lonesome Drum* (New York, 1936), in which that historian and folklorist who died last year examined the extraordinary variety of religious sects and eccentric philosophical experiments associated with the area that produced Joseph Smith, William Miller, Jemima Wilkinson (The Universal Friend), the Oneida Community, Chautauqua, and a number of other originals.

A motorist on the New York thruway from Albany to Buffalo crosses a striation of valleys overarched by a sky that is prevailingly filled with massive cloud formations in continuously shifting light. In places these illuminations create strange relationships between earth and sky where one seems to reflect the other. There are comparable things to be seen in the American Southwest, especially in New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, but the drama is heightened in central New York by the glints of light on water, the mists in the valleys, and the intense diffusion of golden sunlight due to humidity. In late summer afternoons and in the autumn the contrasts of light and shadow are particularly striking, and before the wide panoramas on the higher elevations the traveller is reduced in time and space. The emotional impact is one of aloneness and brooding mystery. Some of the more impressive vistas are near Aurieville (site of the shrine of the Jesuit martyrs of North America), near Cazenovia, Canastota, and Batavia, but the entire scenery of central New York; both north and south, affords many such extended views.

In several books and articles Carmer described what he believed to be the specific effects of romantic landscape on the sensibilities and social mores of the white settlers, and he detected similar antecedent phenomena in the oral history of the Iroquois. He wrote, "It may be pointed out that the great evangelistic awakening which came to New England in the last century brought with it theological interpretations which are not always conventional and that New York state was a kind of idea-frontier, a tolerant refuge from the grim orthodoxy of Puritan sections. But this is not a comprehensive explanation for it is wholly sound. Until its evidences of enchantment have been academically explained away I shall prefer to believe that a special quality of this strip of land has made it the track that leads to things seldom in man's knowing" (*Listen for a Lonesome Drum*, page 116).

BASIL MITCHELL.
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Misprints

Sir,—No author could hope for fairer or more attentive treatment than that given my book *The Occult Establishment* by Norman Cohn (June 17). Quite rightly he pointed out numerous misprints, principally in the spelling of foreign names. I must explain how these came about.

So far as I am aware, only one of the errors appeared in my original typescript. The size of the first set of proofs I received suggested that a frustrated genius with dictatorial assumptions and a devotion to concrete poetry had thrown off a set of variations on the theme of my text. The publishers agreed that a second stage of proofs was mandatory and these were dispatched from the United States. A strong headwind must have delayed the crossing, for the proofs did not arrive on this side of the Atlantic until shortly before the book was scheduled to be printed. I had therefore to choose between postponing a further delay in publication—from the fact that my preface is dated June 1973 it may be imagined how many had already occurred—and carrying out a swift check and hoping for the best. I was able to correct some remaining misprints over the telephone and was assured that the publishers themselves were checking the proofs. Unfortunately this brief does not seem to have extended to verifying the consistent spelling of foreign names.

This was only the last chapter in a protracted saga, and at what stage—to take one example—the name of Rudolf Hess or Höss, the commandant of Auschwitz, was transformed into that of Hitler's deputy Rudolf Hess (discussed elsewhere in my book and fully identified) I am at a loss to know. All I can do is apologize.

JAMES WEBB.
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George Orwell

Sir,—To speak of Isaac Deutscher's "wild and unreflective words, in the worst tradition of Stalinist *ad hominem* abuse" as Bernard Crick does (Letters, June 24) is to betray such ignorance of Isaac Deutscher's lifelong work and such lack of comprehension that this casts a doubt on Mr Crick's ability to understand and evaluate Orwell, for which some amount of subtlety is required.

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Among this week's contributors

BERNARD BERGONZI's books include *T. S. Eliot*, 1972, and *The Turn of a Century*, 1973.

T. J. BINYON is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

C. R. BOXER's most recent books are *Anglo-Dutch Wars of the Seventeenth Century*, 1974, and *Mary and Misogyny*, 1975.

ARCHIE BROWN is the author of *Soviet Politics and Political Science*, 1974.

RAYMOND CARR is the author of *Spain 1808-1939*, 1966, and *The Spanish Civil War*, 1971.

RICHARD CLOGG is a Lecturer in Modern Greek History at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies and King's College London.

COLIN CROUCH is the author of *The Student Revolt*, 1970.

DAN DAVIN's most recent book is *Closing Times*, 1975.

D. J. ENRIGHT's collections of poems include *Daughters of Earth*, 1972, and *Sad Ires*, 1975.

ROGER GARFITT's collection of poems, *West of Elm*, was published in 1975. PETER GREEN's *Providence and Evil* and *The Virtues* were published earlier this year.

ANTHONY GIDDENS is the author of *The Class Structure of Advanced Societies*, 1973.

PETER GREEN is Professor of Classics at the University of Texas, Austin.

D. W. HAMLYN's most recent book is *The Theory of Knowledge*, 1970.

MURIEL HEPPELL is a Lecturer in the Medieval History of Orthodox Eastern Europe at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London.

JOSEPH HONE is the author of *W. B. Yeats*, 1962.

RICHARD KINDERSLEY is the author of *The First Russian Revisionists*, 1962.

STEPHEN KOSS's most recent book is *Asquith*, 1976.

GORDON LEFF's books include *Heresy in the Later Middle Ages*, 1967, and *History and Social Theory*, 1969.

PETER LEVI's translation of *The Poems* was published earlier this year.

VIRGINIA LLEWELLYN SMITH is the author of *Anton Chekhov and the Lady with the Dog*, 1973.

OLIVIER LYNE is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

JOHN MCMANNERS's books include *Men, Machines and Freedom*, 1966, and *Church and State in France 1870-1914*, 1972.

G. B. MILNER is Professor of Austronesian Studies at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London.

JULIET MITCHELL is the author of *Woman's Estate*, 1971, and *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*, 1974.

NORMAN NICHOLSON's books include *Greater Lakeland*, 1969, and *Wednesday Early Closing*, 1975.

TOM PAULIN's collection of poems, *A State of Justice*, was published earlier this year.

PAUL PIRSTON is the editor of *Spain in Crisis*, 1976.

PETER SCUPHAM's collection of poems, *The Hinterland*, was published earlier this year.

J. H. SMITH is Professor of Sociology at the University of Southampton.

DAVID SNOW is the author of *The Web of Adaptation*, 1976.

SIR PETER STRAWSON is Waynflete Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy at the University of Oxford.

JULIAN SYMONS's most recent books include *A Three Pipe Problem*, 1975, and *The Hungry Thirties*, 1976.

ANGEL VINAS's *La Alemania Nazi y el 18 Julio* was published in 1975.

C. VITA-FINZI is the author of *Recent Earth History*, 1973.

CRAWFORD YOUNG is the author of *Politics in the Congo: Decolonization and Independence*, 1965.

All craters great and small

By C. Vita Finzi

THOMAS A. MUTCH, RAYMOND E. ARVIDSON, JAMES W. HEAD, KENNETH L. JONES, R. STEPHEN SAUNDERS (Editors) :

The Geology of Mars

400pp. Princeton University Press. £28.40.

Originally planned as an atlas of Mariner 6 and Mariner 7 photographs to be published before the 1971 Mariner 9 mission, this book was finally scheduled for the spring of 1976, a few months before the Viking landings on Mars. In the event it has come to include several photographs taken on the Viking mission, both in orbit and on the ground, including the first—rose-tinted—view transmitted by the Viking 1 lander. Given the ambiguities that still surround the biological experiments, any further delay would if anything have marred the book. What we have in *The Geology of Mars* is an authoritative exposition of the form, probable composition and possible origin of the Martian surface; and although there is ample scope for debate about every crater, channel and grain of Martian dust, we do at least know they are there. The organic side of the coin calls to mind A. P. Herbert's "It may be life, but ain't it slow ?". Good science, but not quite ready for summing up, even at the skilled hands of Thomas A. Mutch and his colleagues.

Not that the craters, channels and dust have been established as established all that long. The features named "canali" by Schiaparelli in 1877 and flamboyantly interpreted as vast hydraulic artifacts by Percival Lowell (brother of Amy) were still accepted as genuine features of the Martian landscape a few years ago, to be interpreted as fracture systems in 1963, linear dunes in 1964, strips of vegetation in 1965, rift zones in 1966, and giant cliffs in 1972. It took the Mariner 9 photographs of 1971 to dispel the optical illusion, if only to replace the canals by an even more puzzling array of canyons, channels, volcanoes and grooved, furrowed, knobby and hummocky zones. Cratered areas, though widespread, almost invite omission from such lists: the pictures transmitted by Mariner 4 in 1965, and Mariner 6 and 7 in 1969, were so Moon-like that "geological and biological interest in Mars fell off sharply". How fortunate that NASA kept its head, and the project its momentum.

The growth in our knowledge of Mars' orbit, moons and configuration, which occupies the first chapter, yields many pearls. To cite only two, William Herschel determined the length of the Martian day to within fourteen seconds of the currently accepted value, and Gauss (the Curve) proposed creating a vast Pythagorean triangle on earth, lined with trees and filled in with fields of grain, so that the Martians would know that mankind had attained O level. (Indeed life on Mars was once widely accepted by many sober scientists, which is hardly surprising when we consider the many astronomical parallels between Earth and Mars.) Chapter 2 is an account of the successive American and Soviet missions to Mars. The next six chapters deal with the planet's major physiographic provinces, its craters, the evidence for volcanic activity, geophysical and structural matters, and the probable role of wind and water in fashioning the various landforms. Chapter 9 brings all the preceding material together in a flowing account of Martian geological history, and the appendixes provide guides to the use of Mariner imagery, data collection and interpretation, and the mapping of different types of crater. There are sixteen pages of references, and a supplement presenting some of the Viking lander pictures.

The authors use the word "provocative" more than once, and one could apply it to the book as a whole. Here and there the provocation is unintentional and irksome, as when the authors swallow (or at least regurgitate) the suggestion that Minoan Crete was Plato's Atlantis and that it was destroyed by volcanic eruptions, ash falls, and what they unforgivably call "tidal" waves. But elsewhere the effect (and, one assumes, the aim) is to stimulate the curiosity and to fuel it with conjecture, controversy and a generous load of detailed and often very up-to-date descriptions and measurements. The reader is thereby led to participate in that major source of insights and, as we have seen, bloomers : the search for terrestrial counterparts of different bits of the Martian landscape. He is also encouraged to look at his own planet with an entirely fresh eye. The growing list of impact craters recognized on Earth illustrates the benefits to be gained from occasionally gazing down the wrong end of our telescopes ; the exploration of the Martian ice-caps will doubtless prove equally helpful to the interpretation of terrestrial Ice Ages.

One can only hope that Thomas Mutch will follow this volume and his earlier one on the moon with a study of the Earth viewed from space. In the meantime those fortunate enough to lay their hands on a copy (which costs $35.00 in the United States) can be happily employed leafing through a clearly written, profusely illustrated and beautifully laid out homage to Earthman ingenuity.

Our alien vertebrates

By David Snow

CHRISTOPHER LEVER :

The Naturalized Animals of the British Isles

600pp. Hutchinson. £7.50.

The mandarin, one of the most beautiful ducks in the world, may survive as a wild bird only because captive stock was liberated in this country by the Duke of Bedford and others in the early years of this century and successfully established itself in some of the southern counties. The English breeding population may already outnumber the native population in China, where extensive deforestation has greatly reduced the habitat available for this woodland duck. The mandarin occupies an ecological "niche" quite different from that of any native British duck; it frequents the edges of wooded lakes and nests in tree holes, and so there is no danger that any British duck will be threatened by the mandarin's increase.

Few would deplore the introduction of the mandarin into Britain. At the other extreme, few would deny that the introduction of the coypu was disastrous. This huge South American rodent, which is in no danger of extinction in its own country, is so destructive of marsh vegetation and of the river banks and dykes into which it burrows that determined efforts have had to be made to control its numbers. Now, after three official extermination campaigns, it is confined to parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, from which it is unlikely that it will ever be completely eradicated.

Between these two extremes, of the wholly desirable and the absolutely undesirable, there have been large numbers of introductions of alien animals into this country, some successful and some unsuccessful. In the nineteenth century, in particular, there was a craze for introducing almost any exotic animal which it was thought would enhance the parks of the landed gentry or provide a useful additional source of meat for the growing human population. The possible effects of introduced herbivores on a vegetation not adapted to withstand their impact were not properly considered ; it seemed often not to be realized that an introduced animal might compete with a native species to the latter's disadvantage. The short-lived Acclimatisation Society attempted many wildly unsuitable introductions, practically all of which fortunately failed. The whole concept of enriching a fauna by exotic introductions was discredited in the eyes of most thoughtful naturalists, and a deep distrust of alien species persists to this day, which on the whole is a good thing.

Popular books on British natural history proliferate, but no other book until Christopher Lever's has been devoted wholly to introduced animals. The subject is perhaps a sideline of natural history, but an increasingly important one as man alters his environment ever more drastically and displaces or otherwise disrupts the lives of the animals that share it with him. Confining himself to vertebrates—a reasonable limitation, as introduced invertebrates are of more esoteric interest, much less well documented, and demand specialized knowledge—the author has done an extremely thorough job. For each of the twenty-five or so introduced mammals, sixteen birds, seven reptiles and amphibians, and fourteen fishes that are now established as breeding species in this country, he gives a detailed and fully documented account of their introduction, spread, and past and present populations. The bibliography runs to thirty-eight pages, and the long list of authorities whose help is acknowledged testifies to much research carried beyond the readily available literature. The result, as the publishers rightly claim, is a reference book which is not likely to be superseded for a long time.

The species accounts, each with a distribution map and a black-and-white drawing by Ann Thomson, take up 460 of the 600 pages. They are a diverse lot, of varying length according to their importance. Thus ten pages are needed to trace the history of the red-necked wallabies that now live wild in the Peak District and north-central Sussex ; twenty pages are devoted to the wild goats that are widespread in Scotland, the west country and Ireland ; while only two pages are needed for the African clawed toad, of which a small population has recently become established in the Isle of Wight.

The pros and cons of artificially adding to a country's fauna are briefly discussed in an opening and a closing chapter. Whatever may be the merit, or otherwise, of introducing an alien species, one can wholeheartedly agree with Mr Lever that there can be no objection to reintroducing a species that once lived in Britain but has been exterminated by man. Surely only the most extreme purist could object to the current attempts to re-establish the great bustard on Salisbury Plain and the sea eagle in Scotland, even though they may come from stock that is slightly different from the original British stock. Those two birds have no place in this book, but if there is a second edition in a few years it is just possible that each will merit a chapter.

African arifauna

W. SERLE, G. J. MOREL, W. HARTWIG :

A Field Guide to the Birds of West Africa

351pp. Collins. £5.95.

BRUCE CAMPBELL :

Birds of Coast and Sea Britain and Northern Europe

151pp. Oxford University Press. £3.75.

Considering the size of Africa, and the attractions which its wildlife holds for tourists, its supply of popular bird books and field guides is painfully meagre. This is understandable : the problems of compressing so rich and complex an avifauna into the pages of anything less than a tome are daunting indeed. Now, William Serle and Gérard Morel have conquered these obstacles, to produce not only the first West African Field Guide, but (to my mind) the best available for the continent. Bird-watching visitors to East and Southern Africa ignore it at their peril, for many of the species described have ranges extending well beyond the confines of West Africa. Wolfgang Hartwig's paintings are rather stereotypic, but generally fulfil their purpose admirably ; it is a pity more could not have been in colour, but in an era of soaring book prices we must no doubt accept some economies.

Where value for money is concerned, however, *Birds of Coast and Sea* must be hard to beat. Sixty-four full-colour plates by Raymond Watson and an informative and interesting text by Bruce Campbell combine to make a most attractive and useful little book. Raymond Watson's paintings are meticulous, without being overly so, and technically excellent, though to my eye he does not quite capture the characteristic "jizz" and attitudes of waders. The foreword by Robert Dougall provides a salutary reminder of the many threats which coastal birds face today—a message which cannot be too often repeated.

Philip Burton

Hellenic herborizing

By Peter Levi

A. HUXLEY and W. TAYLOR :

Flowers of Greece and the Aegean

180pp. Chatto and Windus. £6.50 (paperback, £3.95).

For some years now the twin bibles of a certain kind of travellers in Greece have been the *Birds of Britain and Europe* and Polunin and Huxley's *Flowers of the Mediterranean*. Too many birds get shot for bird-spotting, that pleasant pastime, to be as exciting as it must once have been, though I did encounter a quail this Easter among the lush grass on a hill that looked towards Italy. But the flowers are still as amazing as ever ; in spring you can find five kinds of orchid in one field near Pylos, and in density and in variety the flowers of Greece match anything in Europe. They deserved a book of their own. Anthony Huxley and William Taylor's *Flowers of Greece and the Aegean* pays proper attention to geography and ecology, and some, though not enough for my taste, to ancient scientific texts about flowers and even to the motifs of ancient art. It is lavishly illustrated and has an excellent index, though no page references are attached to the colour photographs. There was one Cretan lily I found only with difficulty, but this might be my own fault. It would be useful to have a fuller list of the modern Greek names of flowers; a thorough, but expensive, study of them has been printed.

The greatest monument to Greek flowers is almost completely unavailable, except in great libraries. That is Sibthorp's *Flora Graeca*, one of the finest flower books of the early nineteenth century, with *drawings by Ferdinand Bauer*. Earlier this year, one copy was for sale in London and some of the original drawings were sold at Sotheby's—two rare events. Other drawings are in the Oxford Botanic Library, but the original edition was limited to thirty copies. Curiously, since Sibthorp was an adventurous traveller and a good botanist, the flowers he illustrated were by no means the most interesting; indeed, his title-page might serve for the memoirs of a Scottish peer. An immense amount of work has been done since, so that even Polunin and Taylor have not caught up with quite all of it: for example the 1974 *Orchids of Greece and Cyprus*, from the Goulandris Natural History Museum. But in the field, which is where this book will be used, they are unsurpassed.

Apart from the mountains and the remoter pastures, which need special energies and some degree of enterprise, the best places in Greece to see wild flowers are often the archaeological sites, because cultivation and grazing are usually forbidden there, and a hundred goats are even more damaging than a hundred tourists. It is a pity there is no law that forbids the picking of wild flowers in these beautiful fenced places, but the Greek Government has other problems, and it is something if tourists can be prevented from carrying away the antiquities themselves, pleadmail. Anyone who has worked on a Greek site for long enough in the right season must be conscious of the bewildering density of species and subspecies and local varieties even among *anemones and poppies*.

Now that we have Huxley and Taylor, let us hope that classical scholars will learn from the gentler kind of traveller, and take more interest in flowers. Perhaps it was the riches of Greek flora that bemused them after Sibthorp's time. This year I had the good luck to see the same stage of early to middle spring three times, moving north as the world warmed, first in Greece, then in Provence, and finally in England. Provence was richer in everything but the variety of wild flowers, and I have the same impression in other years from the autumn. Simply to leaf through the photographs of a study of Greek flowers makes one's feet itch and one's nostrils twitch. Some of the most beautiful flowers are simple and common, just as cowslips were in England, but there are wonderful plants I at least have never seen in ten years, like *cirsium candelabrum*, a thistle that grows into a pyramid six feet high and four feet across. As it grows only in stony places in the mountains, agriculture is unlikely to root it out, and from its photograph it seems capable of fending off even a Greek goat.

More attention might reasonably have been given to trees. We are told only of two species of cypress and one of poplar. Some of the most striking poplars are a Canadian import, but there must surely be more than one native species. The common beech is recorded only in the northern mountains, but it does or did grow farther south on the west side of mainland Greece. We are given no sedges or rushes and few grasses "because of the habitual lack of interest". Still, this is a flower book, not a tree book, and it contains riches. It would be worth having for its line drawings alone, or even for the introduction alone (fifty-eight pages as opposed to the forty-eight of Huxley's Royal Horticultural Society pamphlet, *Flowers of Greece*). The general descriptions of the plants of hillsides, of mountains and of the seashore are written with a shrewd precision and a calculated expenditure of words which make these pages evocative and powerful.

God's deputy in New Zealand

By Dan Davin

KEITH SINCLAIR :

Walter Nash

439pp. Auckland : Oxford University Press. £12.50.

The leading men in New Zealand politics, until a recent generation, have very often been immigrants rather than New Zealand-born. The fact that, since the Second World War, this tradition has been so rapidly attenuated presents no great difficulty of explanation : it is presumably both a symptom and a cause of that cutting of the umbilical cord to Britain, "the Mother Country", which has been insisted upon by all the former Dominions and the other "children" of varying degrees of colonial status. They now feel confident enough to contemplate their own navels, their own individual histories, their indigenous cultures. Were they were formerly self-assertive with an irritable aggressiveness that suggested the uncertainties of adolescence, their self-confidence has now often achieved a serenity that is almost complacent and they look back to what used to be called "Home" with a kindly compassion not unmixed with derision.

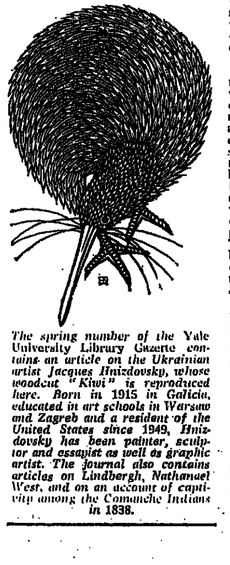
Walter Nash (1882-1968) was a bridging figure in this development. For many people the formula holds: "once an expatriate, always an expatriate, whether you go back or not." It did not quite hold for Nash, whose ego was big enough for him to feel at home wherever he transported it—though he, if he thought about the question at all, would no doubt have phrased it differently and perhaps, with an unconscious paraphrase of Terence, claimed to be no alien wherever there was a human society. So he had a double identity in politics—and this identity outside politics—as a New Zealand statesman and as an international statesman, with a special soft spot for England, where he was born. Keith Sinclair's very thorough biography, itself an example of the new standards of professionalism in New Zealand history and the inward-turning interest already alluded to, does full justice to both sides of Nash's career.

A native of Kidderminster, Nash had been in business in a small way in Birmingham before he emigrated with his wife and child in 1909 and set up again in business in New Zealand, first in Wellington and later in New Plymouth. Because he was a religious man who felt that Christianity entailed a practical commitment to the welfare of others and because he had been deeply influenced by various shades of Christian Socialism—especially by Tolstoy and Ruskin—he was gradually drawn into left-wing politics. An appetite for responsibility and a diligent delight in detailed administration brought it about that by 1922 he was Secretary of the Labour Party. He entered Parliament after a by-election in 1929 but it was not until the landslide victory of Labour in 1935 that he first tasted real power. He now emerged as Minister of Finance and Minister of Customs and was also responsible for various other offices related to finance.

In the years that followed he had a prominent part in the transformation of New Zealand into a welfare state and before his death he had been Minister of Finance for fourteen years, Leader of the Opposition for nine years, and Prime Minister for three. He had also been New Zealand's first ambassador in Washington during the critical years of the war and an indefatigable representative at countless international conferences, respected for his sincerity and breadth of outlook and, one suspects, dreaded for his loquacity and power to turn truths into truisms.

Professor Sinclair's biography is so thorough, and Nash's long career lies so much at the centre of New Zealand history at an important and transitional period, that the book is not only as near to being definitive as a biography by a younger contemporary can be but is also a valuable account of New Zealand politics, notable for its presentation, at once sympathetic and objective, of both sides in the long struggle between Labour and the National Party and of the special economic and social constraints characteristic of a dependent economy.

The book also has the adventitious interest that its publication in New Zealand was something of a *cause célèbre*. Nash's papers included some that contained classified information of which Sinclair made judicious use. The Security Intelligence Service attempted to enforce the suppression of some sensitive passages. Sinclair refused and got courageous backing from Auckland University and its University Press. The book was published without alteration and thus represents a triumph over censorship that is of great importance for New Zealand history and for freedom of thought and speech. More important than Nash deserved, in the eyes of the present reviewer, who once tried vainly to get a book of his own removed by Nash from a secret list of books virtually banned in New Zealand.



The spring number of the Yale University Library Gazette *contains an article on the Ukrainian artist Jacques Hnizdovsky, whose woodcut "Kiwi" is reproduced here. Born in 1915 in Galicia, educated in art schools in Warsaw and Zagreb and a resident of the United States since 1949, Hnizdovsky has been painter, sculptor and assayist as well as graphic artist. The journal also contains articles on Lindbergh, Nathanael West, and on an account of captivity among the Comanche Indians in 1838.*

Nash was a man who never suffered from self-doubt and wasted no energy in guilt, apprehension or self-criticism. His strength came from his identification of himself with causes he championed and his energy was always refuelled by his contact with his constituents. He had that gift, essential to politicians, of being stimulated and refreshed by committees, by canvassing, by conferences, and by the endless traversing of files. He was ruthlessly exigent with his family and his subordinates, perhaps because he regarded them as extensions of himself and as little entitled to leisure or indulgence as he considered himself to be. A fault less easily rationalized because not an advantage in action was his inability to delegate, an excessive confidence in his own power to do everything by himself. This led to unnecessary delays in business, to the exasperation of his colleagues, and sometimes to situations which put in peril his own and their hold on the electorate.

But, in spite of such faults and a vanity so egregious that it sometimes led him to behave as if he were God's deputy, there was in him a genuine force of caring for others and this made him at the end of his days a figure in New Zealand politics loved almost above party. His imaginative ability to see the world as a whole freed him from prejudices of creed, race or colour. This, combined with courage in speech and tenacity in purpose, ensured that he and his small country were in the crucial post-war period respected on the international scene out of all proportion to their actual power. Professor Sinclair's book is an affectionate, critical and impressive presentation of an ardent life.

The Canaques in revolt

By G. B. Milner

ROSELENE DOUSSET-LEENHARDT :

Terre natale, terre d'exil

316pp. Paris : Maisonneuve and Larose.

The picture on the front cover of *Terre natale, terre d'exil* is gruesome, perhaps deliberately. The story begins with the traumatic memory of a small girl accompanying her father to the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle in Paris, playing among the exhibits and suddenly catching sight of a man's decapitated head, floating in a jar and grinning at her sadly. She was the daughter of Maurice Leenhardt, the distinguished ethnographer and missionary, and the head was that of Atai, the leader of the major revolt against the French in New Caledonia, who was killed in 1878.

That childhood memory was, clearly, indelible as well as horrifying. Much later, Roselene Dousset-Leenhardt resolved to rescue the life and deeds of the victim from oblivion and to restore him to the place she regards as befitting an early hero and martyr of colonial liberation. Her task proved to be difficult. It soon became clear that a conspiracy of silence on the part of the colonial administration and the armed forces had succeeded not only in concealing from the French public the serious nature and the proportions of the revolt, but also the genuine grievances which had led to it, and the savage repression which followed. Even after close on a hundred years, the relevant documents had been so well secreted that their existence was known only to a few archivists. Their contents had never been analysed properly, let alone made public. This is the second of two books devoted to the same theme and it is based on a doctoral dissertation presented in the Sorbonne in 1970.

It was Captain James Cook who in 1774, during his second voyage, had discovered a yam-shaped island some 250 miles long and 25 miles wide and called it New Caledonia after its pine forests. As in other parts of Melanesia, there was a great diversity of cultures and languages on it. Warfare, punctuated by cannibalism, was endemic. In 1853 the French had taken possession and by 1864 penal settlement had begun. After the collapse of the Paris Commune the prison population of *transportés* was swelled by political *déportés*. Depending on their status and behaviour, many of the detainees had a degree of freedom and were employed on public works or farms, while some were on parole.

The third element in the white population consisted of settlers, most of whom were French, and these included a number from Australia. They were mostly engaged in cattle-raising. Since it was hard to prevent the animals from straying, many had turned feral and become dangerous. The great damage done by them to the native yam and taro gardens could not be controlled and it threatened the food supply of the *Canaques*, who were also incensed by the accompanying desecration of their shrines and ancestral graves.

In June 1878, the majority of the central tribes, united as never before, suddenly rose and fell on government outposts, penal settlements and isolated farms, killing (and eating) the whites. By April 1879, when the revolt was finally brought under control, 200 whites had been killed and 1,200 Melanesians had fallen in battle. Many other natives had been summarily executed and hundreds deported to other islands. Close on 5,000 soldiers and sailors, together with mountain artillery, had been engaged.

It was clear that the rising had been carefully planned and that, despite the existence of some thirty different languages, as well as traditional feuds, action and timing had been coordinated. After the initial shocks, government troops, concentrated in and around Noumea, near the south-east tip of the island, rallied vigorously. They replied to the slaughter of French men, women and children with the summary hanging of the rebels they managed to catch and handed their wives and children over to native savemasters. The burning of French settlements was repaid by the wholesale destruction of villages and food-gardens and the forcible removal and dispersal of entire communities. There was large-scale expropriation of communal lands, whose owners were driven to take refuge in marginal areas which were totally inadequate to support life. Many tribes lost their separate identity or became extinct. The total of the Melanesian population fell to less than half of what it had been and for long it remained stationary. A hundred years later those events still sear native memories and the lands remain in French hands.

For months the fate of the colony had hung in the balance. The rebels however had been unlucky. They were forced to show their hand prematurely, and a naval vessel chanced to arrive exactly at the right time and place needed to tilt the scales during one of the early, crucial engagements. Two powerful tribes on the east coast, whose support would have sealed the fate of the French, remained neutral and later joined them. Even the convicts and ex-communards (with the exception of Louise Michel, who is known to have been sympathetic to the insurgents) sided with the government and many had a share in putting down the revolt.

Born and brought up in New Caledonia as the daughter of a missionary, and poised between Melanesian and French culture, the author leaves her readers in no doubt that she is emotionally (and perhaps politically) committed to the cause of liberation from what she regards as oppression and injustice. Yet her book is more than a polemic. She is also seeking to interpret, as one specially qualified to do so, the aesthetic and emotional drives which inspired those stone-age men a hundred years ago to face not only death for themselves but slavery for their wives and children, the total dispersal of their kin and the destruction of their culture, in a supreme effort to rid their country of the white colonists and so save their lands and their values.

They failed, but the memory of that sacrifice is still green among their people. Mme Dousset's book is in part a powerful plea for compensation and restitution : her fellow countrymen must give back to the New Caledonians not only their ancestral lands but their identity. For the world of a Melanesian is perhaps not arranged on a time-scale like that of a European. Rather it is arranged spatially. Without the land of his ancestors at his disposal, a man not only cannot eat the food that they have provided for him, but he is also deprived of his invisible means of support : the graves and sacred places of his forebears. Without contact with his land, a man cannot think properly, cannot live with dignity. So symbolically, Atai's head must be taken out of that obscene jar in the natural history museum and reverently laid to rest where it belongs : on his land. He is not a specimen. He was a man.

The author, like an angel trumpet-tongued, stigmatizes one of the worst episodes in French colonial history. Perhaps her book suffers from too much passion, too much emotional involvement. She is caught between her Huguenot nature and her Melanesian nurture : if someone of her standing and intellectual acuteness will not protest, will not champion the *Canaques* and cry for justice, who will ? Look at that island now, its children landless and its hills torn inside out by the relentless search for chrome, nickel, cobalt and manganese.

The logician in his letters

By Peter Geach

GOTTLOB FREGE :
Wissenschaftliche Briefwechsel
Edited by Gottfried Gabriel
310pp. Hamburg : Meiner. DM140.

The ill-luck that dogged Frege all his working life did not end with his death. Heinrich Scholz of Münster collected many letters to and from Frege; he then sat on them like a broody hen and managed to smash a lot of the eggs. He neglected to see that all the letters should be copied and the copies stored separately from the originals; in consequence, one bombing raid destroyed entire collections beyond recall—for example, the correspondence with Wittgenstein and with Löwenheim.

As appears on the title-page of the *Wissenschaftliche Briefwechsel*, the editorial work was in fact divided among five editors: Gabriel, Hermes, Kambartel, Thiel and Veraart. To make up for lacunae in the correspondence, we are given a copious *apparatus criticus*: even when *all* the letters to and from a given correspondent are missing, we are given a list of them, in which some entries may tell us that No x was of unknown purport and its date is likewise unknown. On page 159 we are told about a lost letter from Löwenheim to Frege: Scholz, it appears, made a note of this letter, inserting dots in place of the date; the editor says he is uncertain whether the dots mean that there was no date in the original, that Scholz could not read the date, or—something else. Carnap's correspondence with Frege seems to have consisted of one postcard asking for an offprint: the editor conveys this information in many more words than I have.

As may be expected, a taste for this sort of scholarship does not go with insight into the substantive questions; on the content of the letters the notes are rarely helpful. For example, in a note upon a letter from Russell we are told that Russell seems to be going on the assumption (*davon auszugehen*) that a class is a member of itself; this appears an unlikely reading on the face of it, and is not supported by the text.

The letters from Frege will have few surprises for those who have well digested the *Nachlass* and the works published in his lifetime. Writers on Frege's work have often said that for predicates (and other incomplete expressions) he did not make a distinction between *Sinn* and *Bedeutung*; this opinion was always perverse, and the *Nachlass* already refuted it decisively; let us hope that the letter to Husserl now printed on pages 94-98, with the crucial passage reproduced in facsimile, will give this opinion its quietus.

Undoubtedly the most valuable material for the history of mathematical logic is the correspondence with Bertrand Russell about his Paradox: it deserves, and will no doubt get, a careful technical analysis that I cannot supply here. Incidentally, Hilbert airily dismisses the Russell Paradox as something well known for years in the Göttingen circle, along with other "more convincing" paradoxes (whatever that means: see page 80). This story already belonged to the anecdotage of logic. By the same token, it was Einstein but Lewis Carroll (in *Sylvie and Bruno*) who first formulated the thesis that an accelerating system is physically indistinguishable from a system in a gravitational field. Was it A. N. Whitehead or A. N. Other who remarked that every discovery is to be found in the writings of someone who did not make it?

Frege had amazing difficulty in getting over to his correspondents points that ought to have been obvious when once clearly brought out. Take his correspondence with Couturat, of which only Couturat's side survives. Frege, it is pretty clear, maintained then as always that in a disjunction there are involved the thoughts expressed by the two disjuncts, but not the *assertion* of either thought. Couturat replies that a propositional sign does not merely give us a thought but *always* (his emphasis) designates affirmation of a proposition, or more exactly (I), designates the proposition's domain of validity (whatever *that* may be (!)). Pressed further by Frege, he admits there is no "absolute" affirmation of the disjuncts: all will however surely be well if we allow that a propositional sign, whether freestanding or part of a longer sign, *also* serves to designate a "domain of validity"!

Again, Frege tries to get Dingler to accept the distinction between hypothetically with a detachable antecedent, like "If 3>2, then (3+1)>(2+1)", and those with an undetachable antecedent, like "If a>b, then (a+1)>(b+1)". The distinction is not a difficult one: Neville Keynes had made it quite clearly (with non-mathematical examples) in his *Formal Logic*, and in modern logic it is taken for granted. Dingler pooh-poohs it: "3>2", he says, anyhow employs only "popular" concepts and has no scientific value!

Again, Frege points out to Hilbert that *there being* a point between any two points cannot possibly be regarded as a constitutive note (*Merkmal*) of the concept *point* or of the concept *between*; such a view would be a gross confusion of levels, like the confusion of theologians who have taken "there exists . . ." and "there is just one . . ." to express attributes of God, Being and Unity. Hilbert makes no attempt to understand.

In this correspondence Frege oddly fails into a plain logical error. He states that if a general theorem involves contradiction, so does each special case of that theorem! There is no chance of miscoping, and the passage is too unequivocal to be misinterpreted. Frege takes as examples Pythagoras's theorem and the special case that the square on the hypotenuse of an isosceles right-angled triangle is twice the area of the square on either side. Obviously, if this special case is proved true, then it is proved consistent: Frege argues contrapositively from his wrong logical principle that we can thus prove Pythagoras's theorem itself to be consistent—but that this does not establish its truth. I find this error inexplicable.

However, Frege appears clearly right on the main point in dispute. Hilbert failed to distinguish between a set of actual propositions and a set of propositional schemata, calling both "axioms" indiscriminately. Consistency of a set of propositions guarantees consistency for any set of schemata of which they are interpretations: but the converse is not true, for formally consistent schemata may admit of inconsistent interpretations. (The schema "*p* and *q* and *r*" is formally consistent, but we are not therefore debarred from taking these letters to stand in for propositions that are an inconsistent triad.) But Hilbert often thinks he has proved a set of propositions to be consistent when he has only proved that a corresponding set of *schemata* is so. Frege was indeed, as we can now see, too pessimistic about consistency proofs; there are flawless proofs that one set of *propositions* must be consistent if another is; but Hilbert took things altogether too easy. What goes for consistency proofs goes also, *mutatis mutandis*, for independence proofs.

The Husserl-Frege correspondence is often alleged to have importantly influenced Husserl's later work in an anti-psychologistic direction; I could not judge, since I find Husserl unreadable. Husserl himself never acknowledged any such influence; on the contrary, he reported, with no sign of dissenting from it, the general impression that Frege was an odd man out (*sonderling*) whose work was logically and mathematically unfruitful. Now that Frege's fame is secure, there is a new school of interpreters who wish to claim Frege as a member of the Husserl-Brentano-Meinong intellectual community. Frege was not a citizen of that republic, any more than, despite his grandfather's name ("Bialloblotzky", i.e. "Bialoblocki"), he can be claimed for Poland; he did not talk the language. The editor expresses surprise that after Frege's review of his *Philosophie der Arithmetik*, Husserl for years wished to know no more of Frege: can the editor have *read* this review?

A tragicomic part of the story is to be found in Frege's correspondence of 1902-1914 with P. E. B. Jourdain, a young English mathematician destined to early death from congenital disease. Jourdain had a very good conceit of himself; in 1913 he wrote to Frege expressing his own and Wittgenstein's(!) anxiety lest Frege should be working out a theory of real numbers: such a theory had already been "splendidly worked out" in *Principia Mathematica*, and Frege could only mar his fame by the attempt—let him rather sit down and write his autobiography! Moreover, Jourdain was bamfisted in his attempts to translate and expound Frege's thought. For all that, Frege was elaborately patient with Jourdain and took immense trouble over answering his letters. No doubt Frege hoped Jourdain would bring his works to the attention of the English-speaking world; like many of Frege's hopes, this hope was disappointed, even though Jourdain did his best by translating excerpts from *Grundgesetze* in writing about Frege in the *Monist*.

Frege, so far as we know, never did write a work on real numbers but it is most unlikely that he got up because he recognized how much better the job had been done in *Principia Mathematica* than he could hope to do it. For in a Jourdain-Frege correspondence we find Frege's considered and justifiably severe judgment on that work (pages 129-133). Frege could make sense of the *Principia Mathematica* doctrine of propositional functions; sense is not to be made of it. The younger Russell who wrote *The Principles of Mathematics* and discussed his perplexities with Frege had much clearer vision than the older Russell who thought he had a solution for them; so Frege certainly thought, and there are grounds for supposing that this was Wittgenstein's view no when I wrote the *Tractatus*. Wittgenstein *may* have thought otherwise in 1913, but I see no reason to believe this and I find it quite incredible that he was co-author of the brash impertinences of the letter Jourdain was bamfisted in his attempts to translate and expound Frege's thought.

To make things clear

By P. F. Strawson

BRIAN McGUINNESS (Editor) :
Friedrich Waismann : Philosophical Papers
190pp. Dordrecht : Reidel. $28.50 (paperback, $16.50).

Wittgenstein and Waismann, both Viennese, were born within seven months of each other, spent much of their adult life in Cambridge in 1951, the latter in Oxford in 1959. Many philosophers are deeply influenced by those older contemporaries with whom they come into personal contact; and if they escape being merely expositors or imitators, that influence can be as fruitful as any. In Waismann's case the fruit had its bitterness: the bitterness of a rejection by his master, wounding in substance, unpalatable in form, when he sought to renew their collaboration in England after the *Anschluss*. Waismann, though damaged, was not crushed; and the admirable series of articles which he published in English in the 1940s and 1950s, largely Wittgensteinian as they are in inspiration, nevertheless have an effective freshness and independence which he would perhaps scarcely have achieved had he continued to work under Wittgenstein's shadow.

Those essays have already been collected and edited by Rom Harré under the title of one of of them, *How I See Philosophy* (Macmillan, 1968). The present volume is composed mainly of papers originally published in German in the 1930s and of unpublished papers written in English in the 1950s. It has something of the air of a work of piety; but in spite of some outdated material and a few weak or formless essays, it is of considerable, more than merely historical or personal interest. The latest of the German articles, "What is Logical Analysis?" published in *Erkenntnis* when Waismann had already left Austria, is a lucid and elegant critique of the reductive or atomistic model of analysis, making excellent use of the limiting, schematic case of that model, the *Tractatus* itself. In the first of the unpublished English essays, "Fiction", Waismann not only handles the title topic with a playful, subtle sharpness all his own, but also makes some powerful points of more general application: he decisively rejects the assimilation of names to descriptions; and he draws a distinction between the constant "formal" and the varying "material" aspects of the concept of truth, which we surely need, in some form, if we are ever to become clear about that omnipresent but elusive notion.

To become clear! In many of these papers this is presented as the essential philosophical aim; and the essential philosophy which it matched soon as late Wittgensteinian, with yet later Oxonian or Austinian modifications. But this is not the whole story, and certainly not its end. A fascinating feature of the book is the conflict it displays between Waismann the clarifier and Waismann the poet, or visionary, of ideas: between the patient analyst whose mission is to dispel our perplexities by elucidating "the grammar of our language" (*the* structure of our ordinary thinking) and the metaphysical enthusiast who can declare that "a philosopher may write a book every sentence of which is, literally, nonsense and which none the less may lead up to a new or a great vision", to ask of which whether it is right or wrong is almost like asking whether, e.g., Gothic art is true or false". In the end the metaphysical visionary seems to prevail over the sober clarifier; but those whose impulse is to applaud this outcome may be a little disquieted by Waismann's attendant doctrine that the "one important quality" of a metaphysical vision, the source of its authority, is that it "gives expression to the major trends of the time" or "symbolizes the *Lebensgefühl*" of an epoch.

Even the more formless essays contain good or charming or touching things. There are follicles. Commenting on the inappropriateness of the "stream of consciousness" metaphor to some phases of mental life, particularly those involving intense intellectual concentration, Waismann remarks: "A feast of reason is not a flow of soul." Discussing the variety of applications we make of the word "believe" and "belief", he says: "It is almost as if different concepts were lodged in the same word-husk, or as if a number of smaller but fairly well-defined concepts were hanging loosely inside the bag of the big ill-defined one." There are also stillnesses. Carried away by his admiration for Schlick, he commits himself to: "Every really great mind has the spotless innocence of a child."

To all who taught philosophy in Oxford in the 1950s, or who were graduate students of the subject there at that time, this book will irresistibly recall the image of the dumpy, bespectacled figure, conducting his well-attended seminars, intensely serious, a little at sea at times in English idiom, at times a little absurd, but even then, and unfailingly, impressive in his devotion, his insight and his humanity.

Anthony Quinton's eleven-page introduction is a model of its kind: a lucid and brilliant summary of the course of Waismann's life, of his philosophical thought, and of the contents of the essays. In the text of the essays themselves there are a fair number of misprints and errors.

Immemorial myths

By D. W. Hamlyn

NORMAN MALCOLM :
Memory and Mind
277pp. Cornell University Press. £9.75.

I have often thought that memory is a strong candidate for the position of the most boring subject in philosophy. It is not clear why this is so, and it is in any case not a view shared by all philosophers—to judge by the number of books and articles that have been written on the subject. Norman Malcolm has become interested in memory as a philosophical issue in recent years, and it has to be said that his first publications on it—the three essays published in his *Knowledge and Certainty*—were to a large extent exceptions to my general rule, being certainly among the most interesting of recent writings on memory by a philosopher.

It is arguable that part of the reason for their forcefulness lay in their extravagance. This seems true at least of the first essay, in which Professor Malcolm argued for the nonsensical character of Russell's "hypothesis" that the world might have been created five minutes ago, complete with memories, etc. Since then he has published a few other papers in which he has seemed highly critical of many widely accepted theses about memory. Such criticisms have been amplified and brought together in the present book.

In some ways it is a disappointing book, being, by Professor Malcolm's own admission, entirely destructive in intent. It falls into two halves. In the first half he criticizes theses, particularly philosophical theses, connected with "mental mechanisms of memory"; in the second he is concerned with "physical mechanisms of memory", and his targets are mainly psychologists and physiologists. The pattern of the argument in the two parts is largely parallel. Professor Malcolm's main argument is that the concept of memory is such that it is highly implausible to suppose that whenever we remember something there takes place, whether psychological or physical, which acts as a kind of representation of what ever is remembered. In the second part this is elaborated into an attack on any thesis that postulates a "memory trace" or supposes that there must exist some physiological state which is isomorphic with what is remembered. Indeed, in some cases it is doubtful whether anything of this kind occurs, let alone that something of the same kind occurs whenever we remember the same thing.

At the back of this lie certain Wittgensteinian theses about the mind and mental concepts, particularly the considerations that Wittgenstein sums up under the heading of the "myth of the mental process". Professor Malcolm uses such considerations extremely effectively, and on occasion invokes the kind of thing that Wittgenstein was criticizing in his own earlier thought, particularly the "picture theory" of the *Tractatus* as underlying the mistakes made by writers on memory. He is obviously acquainted with a very considerable literature on the subject, although it has to be said that the views of others are generally quoted simply as targets for criticism. Writings more in the spirit of his own critical position are not generally referred to. Nevertheless, as a purely critical work, Professor Malcolm's book is cogent in argument and most of its targets are well and truly hit.

It is a pity, however, that it is so purely destructive. I am sure that the reader will continually feel like asking "What then is memory?" or "How is the fact that someone remembers something to be explained?". He will receive no answers from Professor Malcolm. If psychologists listen to him they will abandon what Lashley called the "search for the engram" (a telling phrase), but they will receive no guidance on what they should look for instead. Even the key concept of "knowledge"—for it is surely impossible to explain at least some manifestations of memory without reference to that concept in one or other of its applications—is underplayed. Yet the insufficiency of many accounts of memory in terms of mental representations is surely due to the fact that they do not explain the role that such events play in relation to the memory-knowledge; and the same applies to physiological theories that invoke "traces".

Death of the republic

By Angel Viñas

LUIS ROMERO :
El final de la guerra
470pp. Barcelona : Ariel.

The author of *El final de la guerra* is a well-known novelist who in his time has won both the Nadal and the Planeta prizes, the two most important literary awards in Spain. He entered the bibliography of the Spanish Civil War in 1967 with a forceful re-creation of the first days of the war, and in 1971 he published an account of the rebellion in Cartagena in March, 1939.

Luis Romero's new book marks a departure from his earlier narrative style. It is a reconstruction of the historical events and the general mood in Republican Spain during the final stages of the war. His references to the consequences of the Ebro campaign in the summer of 1938 and to the collapse of Republican resistance in Catalonia in January 1939, also take in broad reflections on the significance of the war itself, on the crises of the Republic, and on the differences within the Nationalist zone, which ensured that the war would be a long drawn-out and bitter one, influenced by many foreign interventions. Romero's analysis, however, concentrates essentially on the very complex chain of events which took place in February and March 1939, and determined the Republican defeat. Three quarters of the book are devoted to an exhaustive reconstruction of the preparations for, and the realization and consequences of, Colonel Casado's military coup, helped by the socialists and anarchists, against the communist-supported government of Juan Negrín.

El final de la guerra may be controversial, but it is, in this reviewer's opinion, one of the most important books to have been published in Spain on the Civil War in the past few years, and another example of how Spanish historiography on the subject has at last come of age. Romero's meticulous reconstruction of events, the critical evaluation of data, and the prudent incorporation of first-hand information, bring out the crucial significance of the Republican agony, whose elucidation has been so much obstructed by the flood of books of memoirs in which Republican antagonisms have contributed as much as the historical distortions prevalent in Franco's Spain to serious misunderstandings and misjudgments. It has not been easy up until recently to give a sober and factual picture of the political, military, psychological and organizational causes of the defeat of the Spanish Republic. This, however, is what Romero has tried to give. He states, repeatedly, that his book is not definitive because there are still too many unknowns. But he offers the first global, detailed and lively reconstruction of the Republican road to self-destruction, and is bound to stir up new controversies.

The collapse of the Republic was determined, in Romero's view, by the mood prevalent in some quarters that an agreement must be reached with the Nationalists, by the widespread wish for peace, by the recognition that militarily the war was lost, by the desire to prevent a catastrophe, by the geographical isolation of the remnants of Republican Spain, and by the collapse of such international support as it had. None of this is new; but the book's strength lies in the skilful combination of these different factors. Casado's coup against the government and the communists, the last small civil war within the larger one, is shown to be the inevitable result of the contradictions, struggles and tensions in Republican Spain, which was torn between war and revolution, diplomatically isolated and had been pushed towards the Soviet Union, so leading the Spanish Communist Party to infiltrate the commanding heights of the Republican State.

Romero's book also makes it apparent that Juan Negrín had not surrendered to Moscow, but that this controversial premier was ultimately either unable or unwilling to overcome the many political and military forces which had become rabidly anti-communist or made anti-communism into a trump card for any negotiations with Franco. The common version, that Casado's coup was launched in order to prevent a communist takeover, finds no support here.

There is, however, some evidence that Negrín himself was not particularly interested in presiding over a Republican defeat. In the end everyone failed: Negrín lost his war, Casado liquidated it in the worst possible conditions, the socialists and anarchists who supported Casado were deceived because there was now no chance of a mass evacuation of Republican Spain. All of them clashed over the Nationalists' insistence on unconditional surrender and many of them became victims, as the "red rabble", of General Franco's implacable repression.

Romero rightly underscores and illuminates certain crucial episodes: the British and French diplomatic recognition of Franco, which destroyed such slender international support as the Republic had been able to maintain; the flight of the Republican fleet out of Cartagena and its internment in Bizerta, which eliminated the possibility of an orderly evacuation of Republican Spain; and lastly the armed clashes in the Republican ranks, which prevented any chance of further resistance, however limited this might have been in the face of Franco's vastly superior forces.

Romero sticks to facts in his attempts to elucidate what actually happened. Questions arise, however: had Casado's coup been delayed and had the Republican resistance not collapsed so swiftly, would the dramatically altered international situation in March 1939, have helped the Republic? In this account the coup appears overdetermined: the military weakness of the Republican Army, the disintegration of the rearguard, the long, suicidal controversies in the Republican camp and, above all, the overwhelming superiority of the Nationalist forces imposed upon the Republic the worst of all possible ends.

Romero's striving towards impartiality and comprehension (which does not stop him passing some harsh judgments on Republicans and Nationalists alike) has produced a rare and controversial work. It has one minor defect, however: the lack of detailed bibliographical or documentary references is inconvenient both for the specialist and the general reader. In too many cases, Romero has to be taken purely at his word.

The cosmetic constitution

By Raymond Carr

JOSE AMODIA :
Franco's Political Legacy : from Fascism to Façade Democracy
348pp. Allen Lane. £9.

During the 1960s Spain experienced an acceleration of economic change and a social dislocation comparable to that endured by Britain in the Industrial Revolution. The poor agrarian country with an industrial appendage that came out of the Civil War in 1939 became, in a decade, an industrial society with an agrarian appendage. Yet the political system which presided over the so-called "economic miracle" was still, in its essentials, unchanged since 1939: the one-man rule of General Franco legitimized by his victory over the Anti-Spain of "inorganic democracy" in the Civil War. There was a gap between what looked like a modern society and its archaic political institutions.

Franco's Political Legacy is a description of the attempts of the Franco regime to close the gap. As José Amodia points out repeatedly, the advance towards a democratic parliamentary system acceptable to Europe the technocrats and capitalists wished to join never got beyond a hesitant, protracted tinkering with the "constitution" by the regime's cosmeticians, expert in concocting fundamental laws and fundamental laws only to implement them by illiberal decrees.

Try as lawyers might (and they abounded in the government and administration, from Serrano Suñer to Lopez Rodó) to make Franco Spain a *Rechtstaat*, they could not desert the residuary falangism encapsulated in the "Principles of the Movement", an unalterable Fundamental Law. Nor could they attack the powers of a charismatic Caudillo. Franco, as his recently published table-talk shows, never abandoned his conviction that only he stood between his country and the worst excesses of a partisan democracy that would be run by masons and communists. The supreme achievement of the Francoist pseudo-constitutionalism, the Organic Law of 1966, still left Franco a Hobbesian sovereign with the unrestricted reserve legislative powers granted him at the end of the Civil War. The regime dropped the language and symbols of the early years. It sometimes was forced to adapt to the changes in society—for instance by recognizing a limited form of collective bargaining and de facto strikes. But it could not allow the re-emergence of the genuine trade union movement it had ruthlessly destroyed during and after the Civil War. The National Movement may have become less a party than an ideologically formless home of the servants of the regime; but its mere existence was enough to stop the emergence of a genuine political life.

This is not to say that the regime was a totalitarian concern or the single-party state of the Falangist radicals. Amando de Miguel has shown that Francoism was an authoritarian regime run by "competing families"—the Catholics, the technocrats, the Falangists, the army and so on—united only by their allegiance to Franco and their determination to stay in power and keep from influence the ideas defeated in 1939 and those who represented them.

The most curious paradox of Franco Spain is this: Franco always declared it his mission to destroy political parties (hence even moderate "political associations" could never get off the ground while he lived); political parties were creations of nineteenth-century liberalism which had lost the remnants of empire in 1898 and sunk the country into chaos and communism under the Second Republic. Destroy parties he did. Yet the political vacuum he created was filled by the proudest creation of nineteenth-century liberalism: a civil service composed of good examinees and which included university professors. Middle-class conformist ability was thus absorbed into the regime. Señor Fraga was the best examinee in Spanish history and a prominent member of the ministerial and bureaucratic elite.

As Weber pointed out, a state that dismantles its bureaucracy invites chaos. A dictatorship needs its bureaucrats like any other regime. Yet the bureaucracy of Spain has worked for thirty years a system where government is all-powerful, uncontrolled by the courts, and where it makes known to the public only what it sules it to make known. Politicians have not fought for power in the open market but have had it handed to them from above; as ministers they have been accompanied by impotence, at their discretion, heavy sanctions on the unruly subject.

The chief characteristic of the Franco regime was the easy penetration of the executive into all areas and the consequent fragility of any rights. Mr Amodia's treatment highlights the lack of an independent judiciary, the wide jurisdictions of military and other special courts subject to government pressures. To take one example of this resolute rejection of any separation of powers, the Organic Law instituted a process called "contrafuero" by which the constitutionality of any law could be tested. Yet the bodies concerned with the process were manned by those responsible for making the law in the first place!

Most of this book is a careful reconstruction of the formal structure of the Franco regime, and as such it is respectable, useful and often perceptive history. It can scarcely be exciting or original, for though politicians push out endless abstract treatises they work in secrecy and have not published revealing accounts of the decision-making processes within Franco's palace of boredom, the Pardo. Read together with K. Medhurst's *Government in Spain* (1973) it helps us understand the complexities of and conflicts within this seemingly simple political monolith. It is unfortunate that Mr Amodia was writing before Franco's death and therefore engages, at some length, in what Spanish lawyers called "anticipatory constitutional law" i.e. speculation as to what the sham constitution that Franco had allowed to be built up would be like when his exceptional powers as a Hobbesian sovereign vanished and the Head of State would be King Juan Carlos. Could the Fundamental Laws permit a move towards a democracy? Or were they only meant to maintain the essence of the regime, as the Bunker maintained with the cry "After Franco the Institutions"?

The intellectual and semantic contortions of those who wished to argue that a respectable democracy was inevitable by some future evolution within the Fundamental Laws are understandable; but their constitutional futurology was always illusory. No reform within the system was acceptable to the democratic opposition once the crisis of 1973 had exposed the regime's internal divisions between reformists and men of the Bunker and once a modified press freedom was working away in the interstices of an authoritarianism dying with its creator. As Manuel Jiménez de Praga insisted, without universal suffrage (which a regime committed to "organic democracy" could never allow) and without an effective, open party system (which was inconceivable within the Principles of the Movement), all this "anticipatory constitutional law" was an idle exercise. The result was a car with luxurious coachwork without an engine to drive it. It was the King who became in Arefiza's phrase "the motor of change". He and the Prime Minister he appointed, Señor Suárez, have given Spain organic democracy: one man, one vote, even if a rural vote counts more than a city vote. The verdict of the new electorate peacefully voting on June 15 was a total rejection of the political legacy of Francoism and its most conspicuous representatives.

Miaja's last stand

By Paul Preston

GEORGE HILLS :
The Battle for Madrid
192pp. Hale. £4.95.

In the first week of October 1936, Madrid was hit by air attacks from General Franco's rebel forces. By the middle of the month, with the city being rapidly inundated by refugees fleeing from the insurgent army of legionnaires and Moorish mercenaries, sounds of artillery fire could be heard. On November 6, Francisco Largo Caballero's government decided to evacuate and withdraw to Valencia, leaving the defence of the capital in the hands of General José Miaja.

Miaja was far from being a brilliant field commander, but he was a brave man and a loyal Republican. Aided by Colonel Vicente Rojo, he set about mobilizing the civilian population for a desperate last stand. Trenches were dug, barriers raised, exhausted militiamen re-grouped. Defiant banners flew across the streets with the slogans "They shall not pass" and "Madrid will be the tomb of fascism". The communist orator, Dolores Ibárruri, electrified men and women defenders alike with speeches exhorting them to die on their feet rather than live on their knees.

The rebels attacked from the north-west through the old royal park, the Casa de Campo, and the university city. As they penetrated the city centre, only the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting held them back. So grave was the situation that, on November 8, the Portuguese press published lavish descriptions of General Franco's supposed triumphal entry into the capital. The real news of the day however was the arrival of the first units of the International Brigades of anti-Fascist volunteers. Their appearance not only stiffened the resolve of the Madrileños, but it also focused the attention of Europe on Madrid.

Newspapermen flocked in. Their reports and numerous subsequent accounts turned the seige of Madrid into a popular cause on a par with the Paris Commune. In essence the story is well known. The first frontal attack in November 1936 was repelled by the citizens of Madrid reinforced with International Brigaders. The rebels then spent December trying to encircle the city. During the first quarter of 1937, the Republicans broke out of the stranglehold, albeit at immense human loss, in the battles of Jarama and Guadalajara. Thereafter, the seige settled into a stalemate and the city remained intact until the end of the Civil War, twenty-eight months after the battle started.

The subject has inspired a substantial literature. The standard accounts by Hugh Thomas and Gabriel Jackson are at their best in describing the battle. There are eloquent and moving memoirs by participants, of which the outstanding ones are by Jason Gurney and Esmond Romilly. One International Brigader turned scholar, Robert Colodny, wrote one of the classics of Civil War historiography in his *The Struggle for Madrid*. Is there anything to be added then by George Hills's short book?

His is very much the soldier's viewpoint. Copious illustrations and detailed maps form part of a technical and almost exclusively military analysis. There are in fact plenty of political undertones, and bows to the Republic at that. This is a work which echoes many of the preconceptions of the neo-Francoist school of military historians such as Colonels Martínez Bande and Ramón and Jesús Salas Larrazábal.

It mingles hard information from archives closed to most historians with sharp criticism of the Republic. Thus, statistical evidence of the Republic's superiority of numbers renders Franco's victory the more notable, but it fails to take account of a number of relevant factors. Unlike the rebel forces, there was no quota for professional soldiers. Officers in Republican Spain were of dubious value. After the military rising, left-wing organizations did not trust them, particularly as desertion and sabotage were not uncommon.

It is a pity that Mr Hills has stuck so rigidly to the neo-Francoist line. His book contains many genuinely interesting military insights. His overview of Republican strategy and its shortcomings is highly original and he has much that is worthwhile to say about the inflexibility in battle of the communist system. However, the value of his book is seriously undermined by numerous inaccuracies about the internal politics of Republican Madrid.

In wildest Baltistan

By Joseph Hone

DERVLA MURPHY:
Where the Indus is Young
266pp. John Murray. £4.95.

Dervla Murphy is a latter-day Professor Challenger of the mysterious plateaux: Tibet, Ethiopia and now this latest account of a three-month trek with her six-year-old daughter, Rachel, along the Indus gorge in the Karakoram mountains of wildest Baltistan—to my mind her best book since the first, *Full Tilt*. Told in the form of a diary, written each night in filthy hovels at 10,000 feet, by the light of an oil wick in an ink-bottle with the temperature falling outside to 40 degrees below, *Where the Indus is Young* reads like an Edwardian adventure yarn from *Blackwood's* magazine. One can almost see the illustrations and captions that would have gone with this story in that period: "The brave pony, Hallam, stumbled over the avalanche." "Don't look down! she cried to her daughter." "The slippery path was exactly fifteen inches wide."

Apart from her extraordinary endurance, bravery and humour one of Miss Murphy's most considerable gifts is the ability to choose, get into, live in—and take us back to—places where the world is as it was and probably ever shall be. She is a connoisseur of lost Arcadias. Not for her the semi-accessible world of a *National Geographic* article; only the almost totally inaccessible places interest her—journeys taken with maximum discomfort, difficulty and duration. And the result, for our armchair delectation, is a fully *lived* picture, with all the quirky vitality of fiction, of landscapes that have the age and feel, the glitter and the mystery of Bible stories:

> The sun had just set and the whole south-western sky was a strange dusty pink, through which Venus glowed golden. As Orion appeared overhead our host opened a low wooden door in an adjoining blank wall and beckoned us into a pitch dark stable from which an even lower door led to this windowless room.

Miss Murphy can write well, as not all travel-writers can, even though this is made more difficult here by the overwhelming beauty and drama of her surroundings: "Everything is so *extreme* here that language loses its power." Not so in her case, so that here at last is a travel book where the photographs—rather inadequate in any case—do not matter at all. A book, too, where character is action and is not tacked on afterwards in comment or thought: what do you do for lavatory paper in a place where foreigners are last thought to have wintered more than forty years ago? Why, snow and when that melts, stones. What sustains you over two days on a thirty-mile trek? A few hard-boiled eggs and a fistful of apricots. Hardy travel indeed—and with a six-year-old in tow twittingly and happily in tow. I should add this kind of journey takes on the aura of myth.

What took Miss Murphy to Baltistan? This vast, glistening cathedral of rock and snow on the Pakistan-Chinese border—along fifteen-inch pathways, through avalanches, towards stone-age huts in the pink evenings, to spend endless nights without any privacy among "men cloaked in blankets [who] are now sitting on our charpoys . . . coughing incessantly and frequently spitting or blowing their noses on the floor"? Miss Murphy is not a masochist. She believes simply that if we want to know how the other half lives we must travel to where the other half is uncontaminated by one's own half.

Yet, having found a pristine landscape, she is clear-eyed and honest enough to admit that it has done the natives little good. The Baltis, with exceptions, emerge as a grim and sullen-faced lot, whose manners have never bloomed in this environment of extreme hardship and poverty: a completely isolated, mystified, stringently Muslim people, given to a maximum of blatant curiosity about the two "Feringhis" and often a minimum of consideration for them. As Miss Murphy says at the end:

> I suddenly caught myself thinking . . . that there was perhaps more in common between them and their animals than between them and us. At once I was genuinely shocked by this involuntary reaction . . . that outrages the teachings of every religion and code of ethics. But can it be that on occasions involuntary reactions push one closer to reality than one wishes to be? Ever since I have been wondering just how equal men in fact are—forgetting principles and ideals.

But for the most part this book is an unjustly rare blend of manner of keeping your eye on that fifteen-inch path over the 1,500ft ravine, stopping for lunch on the roof of the world, "sniffing the scent of wild thyme and eating one dog biscuit each", and cuddling bedded up each evening with her toy squirrel and a Dr Dolittle book. Thanks to this formidable woman we may not need to go to Baltistan now—which is just as well, since for most of us, unfortunately, this would almost certainly be a one-way journey.

From Workington to Wordsworth

By Norman Nicholson

MOLLY LEFEBURE:
Cumbrian Discovery
352pp. Gollancz, £7.95.

During the past ten years or so there has appeared in the Lake District a number of guidebooks of a new kind, written by professional historians, antiquaries, architects, industrial archaeologists, geologists and ornithologists, often in collaboration with one another, each dealing with his own subject. The older type of guidebook was usually the work of an amateur of wider and more varied interests—which, to avoid misunderstanding, is how I would like to think of myself!—who drew partly on his own observation and partly on published sources. Molly Lefebure's book belongs to this older type, and is one of the first of them to draw on the much greater body of published material now available, and, also, to cover the whole of the new county of Cumbria.

This latter aim puts a strain on the author who has no very intimate knowledge of certain parts of the area, in particular, the west coast, though it is with this that she chooses to begin and end her book. It is an odd choice, for she seems to have no great sympathy for industrial Cumbria and, as a result, falls sometimes into careless generalization: "Maryport, Workington and Whitehaven . . . together with Millom and Silloth all possess fine possibilities for delightful, cobbled, tree-lined squares. *Millom* does? I have not noticed it in my sixty years there! Moreover, in this coastal area, she tends to rely disproportionately on historical and archaeological material. In the chapter on Low Furness, for instance, she gives six pages to Furness Abbey and less than half a page to the whole of the town of Barrow. And there is nothing at all about the fascinating "Channel Island" of Walney, or the Furness Piel Castle where Lambert Simnel's forces landed in 1487. She does, indeed, visit Whitehaven, taking a Povener-led tour of the streets and ending in the beautiful Georgian church of St James. But then it is time to whisk present-day West Cumbria under the carpet. "How different", she exclaims, "was the landscape of Middle Stone Age Cumbria!" Well, yes, so it was.

It is not until the author has reached Ullswater that she arrives at the heart of her book. Patterdale, Borrowdale, the Buttermere-Lorton valley, Thirlmere, Grasmere—these are the places she understands best. For one thing, they were lived at or visited by the poets and essayists she has read so profitably: Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Southey, De Quincey, Keats, Lamb, Shelley. There were lesser known people, too, of whom she writes sympathetically and informatively, such as Mrs Lynn Linton, whose guide-book of 1864 was the best in the nineteenth century after Wordsworth's. Through their eyes, substantiated by research in local sources, the Lake District gives an interesting account of the development of the tourist industry in the years before and after the death of Wordsworth. It is rather a pity that she did not pursue this line of study up to the present time. In fact, she is mostly silent on the impact of tourism on the Lakes of today and has even less to say about the wild life and flora. Admittedly, she gives three pages to an ecologically dubious lake, a flowering shrub, a rare sedge, a delightful bock: for those who already know something of Scrbia, richly evocative, and for those who do not, an invitation and indeed a challenge to extend their experience of Yugoslavia beyond a package holiday on the Dalmatian coast.

Boldly from Belgrade

By Muriel Heppell

ANNE KINDERSLEY:
The Mountains of Serbia
Travels through Inland Yugoslavia
286pp. John Murray. £6.95.

The Mountains of Serbia is an account of a series of journeys through the present-day People's Republic of Serbia, one of the six components of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia. Although Serbia has been part of a larger political unit ever since the creation of the Kingdom of the South Slavs immediately after the First World War, it also has a long tradition as a separate and independent state, first as the medieval kingdom of Serbia which lasted from the late twelfth century until 1459, and later, after a long period of Turkish rule, as an autonomous principality and finally a fully sovereign kingdom in the nineteenth century.

Most of the journeys on which this book is based were made between 1964 and 1967 when Anne Kindersley was living in Belgrade, and one was as late as 1970; thus the impressions recorded reflect comparatively recent conditions. But the inspiration behind them was an attempt to discover and transmit the past behind the present; to quote the author's own words: "I found I was making a journey into the past, but a journey of discovery, not of nostalgia. . .". Thus the book is much more than a description of places visited, though it does include some excellent descriptive writing. It could be more aptly described as a series of encounters: with buildings, ancient and modern, with works of art, with a great variety of people, and not least with plants and flowers. However, it is the people who dominate.

Structurally the book is divided into two main sections. The first (the longer of the two) describes the author's travels in "Old Serbia", that is the southern part of present-day Serbia, which formed the nucleus of the medieval kingdom, while the second is devoted to the "New Serbia" further north and west, which developed after the Turkish conquest, mainly as a result of migrations from Old Serbia. In each section the account of the actual journeys is preceded by a brief historical introduction. It is in Old Serbia that most of the famous Serbian monasteries are situated, whose wall paintings constitute an outstanding contribution to medieval religious art; and much of the section on Old Serbia describes visits to these monasteries: Studenica, Žiča, Sopoćani, Peć, Dečani and Gračanica. Naturally these accounts have something to say about the works of art for which these monasteries are best known, and of which all Serbs are justly proud; and not least among the merits of this book are the clear and vivid but non-technical descriptions of the frescoes—for example those in the Patriarchal Church at Peć, where the decoration was modelled on the church of Sion in Jerusalem:

> So the new church had to be painted full of visions, some of them in the same order as the church of Sion: under the cupola, on arched surfaces, are to be found the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Mission of the Apostles and the Doubting of Thomas; under them, the Last Supper. All good imitations add something of their own and the founders of Peć added their own visionary painting, the most beautiful in the church, in the cupola itself. There is the Ascension: Christ Pantocrator in a mandorla upheld by peaceful angels, separated by green trees; below him amazed apostles, dramatic in their gesticulation and awe, and below them the tranquil, statuesque figure of Christ's mother, her arms held "wider than the skies", her features painted with extraordinary realism as if from a strong peasant face.

In the section on New Serbia the author describes her journeys through the autonomous province of Vojvodina, including visits to its capital, Novi Sad, the fortress of Petrovaradin and the monasteries of Fruška Gora; excursions into the wooded countryside of Šumadija immediately to the south of Belgrade, and finally impressions of life in the capital itself. Although there is much interesting material in this section, notably the description of the village *slava* in Cikote, it does not make the same vivid impact on the reader as the section on Old Serbia; the treatment is more prosaic, and the long excursions into recent history are somewhat unwieldy. The author is at her best when recording first-hand impressions: she is an acute and perceptive observer, sympathetic, but never sentimental, and above all, unobtrusive, bringing the reader into the closest possible contact with the scene, personality or event recorded, but leaving him free to make his own interpretation. Since the quality of the writing is uniformly good, the result is a delightful book: for those who already know something of Serbia, richly evocative, and for those who do not, an invitation and indeed a challenge to extend their experience of Yugoslavia beyond a package holiday on the Dalmatian coast.

Balkan sobriety

By Richard Clogg

LESLIE GARDINER:
Certain Calls
206pp. Duckworth. £6.95.

"If this is communism, they can keep it." So declared Arthur Scargill after a disastrous holiday on the Bulgarian Black Sea coast. Many who have suffered at the hands of ONT, Bulgarianist and Albanist will no doubt be inclined to agree. But Mr Scargill was perhaps a little naive in failing to appreciate the rubbishing he might get in which East European regimes treat their foreign visitors, not to mention their own citizens.

Leslie Gardiner, on the other hand, appears to have learnt early on the advantages of travelling with official status in what he quaintly calls "Curmudland". For during his travels in Albania, Rumania and Bulgaria, guides and chauffeur-driven cars, not to mention the occasional "ever-obliging" press officer, usually seem to have been comfortingly at hand to soften the rigours of Balkan travel.

True, not even a guide of one's own necessarily affords a guarantee of good service, as Mr Gardiner discovered, while the fisherman's cottage in which he was due to stay in the Danube delta turned out to be a brick bungalow on a housing estate in Tulcea. None the less, throughout most of his Balkan travels over the past fifteen years Mr Gardiner seems to have been spared many of the routine aggravations that beset the package tourist like Mr Scargill or the even more misguided individual traveller.

Mr Gardiner seeks to dispel what he calls a James Bond view of the East, which he holds to be as little in keeping with reality as the Macmillan view of the West prevalent in Curmudland". In the way he sees little to choose; none of the lands through which he travelled were "sad".

By his own account Mr Gardiner is not a great reader of the political prints and his book should be read for its often entertaining vignettes of Balkan life and institutions rather than for its political observations, some of which, although by no means wholly uncritical, are very much out of date. His visit to Albania took place in 1967 at the height of the pale Albanian imitation of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China.

He is inclined to discount the seriousness of the anti-religious campaign of that year because he still saw Franciscan friars in Skhodér cathedral some weeks after they were reported by Western newspapers to have been purged. Yet they cannot have survived in office much after his visit, for all forms of public and organized religious activity were forbidden in a campaign that lasted barely three months. His remark that since 1972 the churches of Skhodér have dwindled to one seems puzzling. Since 1967 there have officially been none.

His guided tour of Romania leads him to believe that life in that country is now "normal". Yet surely it is not so normal that Rumanians so inclined could openly maintain contact with members of the former royal family, as Mr Gardiner maintains. He has, in fact, something of an obsession with Romanian royalty and treats us to a long excursus on Queen Marie. Mr Gardiner was fortunate enough to stay in the villa, now a rest-home for writers and artists, she built in her beloved Bucchik. On her death Queen Marie's heart enclosed in a jewelled casket, was buried in the villa chapel. When in 1940, the southern Dobrudja was returned to Bulgaria her daughter, Princess Ileana, so Mr Gardiner tells, removed the casket to Bran castle in Transylvania. Here it was so firmly cemented into the rock that when Ileana was forced to leave Romania after the war she had to leave the casket behind.

Return to the Naked Nagas (268pp. John Murray, £4.95) is an expanded version of *The Naked Nagas*, Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf's account of anthropological research among the Konyak Nagas of Assam, first published in 1939. The author's subsequent trips to Nagaland, in 1962 and 1970, form the substance of two new chapters in which he considers the transformations in the lives of the Nagas since the war. The *TLS* review of the 1939 edition dwelt on their head-hunting and love-making habits and concluded that "the Nagas, man and brothers as the author found them to be, are there to prove that in fundamentals human nature changes very little, if at all".

Of the current political plight of the Nagas and their fight for independence from India, Professor Haimendorf writes in the new edition: "In the absence of first hand knowledge of the course of events no useful purpose could be served by expressing an opinion on the causes and the history of a movement which aimed at the establishment of an independent Naga state and resulted in a long drawn out struggle not only between insurgent Nagas and the Government of India but also among the Nagas themselves. Readers of the last chapter may be able to form their own opinion on the state of affairs prevailing in 1970 in an area where I was able to move about unhindered and talk freely to men and women, many of whom remembered and welcomed me as an old friend."

The ways of the unorthodox

By Gordon Leff

MALCOLM LAMBERT:
Medieval Heresy
Popular Movements from Bogomil to Hus
430pp. Edward Arnold. £15.

Malcolm Lambert's *Medieval Heresy* is the latest in a succession of recent works on the subject. It differs, however, from them all in being the first modern attempt in English to survey the whole field of popular heresy. In Lambert's own words it is "a working synthesis of the state of research on popular heretical movements from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries, intended both for the undergraduate reader who needs a one-volume introduction and for the scholar working in one portion of this vast field who wants a handbook for quick reference on the subject as a whole". To a remarkable extent he has succeeded in serving both these disparate publics. The beginner and the specialist now have within a single volume a conspectus of the main popular heresies from Bogomil to Hus seen through the lens of modern research. The strength of the book, and its undoubted value, lie in the scrupulousness with which the collective findings of the past half-century or so are presented. For the first time since H. C. Lea's pioneering volumes in the late 1880s it is possible to find a consecutive account in English of the Waldensians from their inception in the twelfth century to their final acceptance into the reformed churches in the sixteenth century; while the origins of their far better known contemporaries, the Cathars, particularly in their relation to the Bogomils, and the nature of their dualist doctrines, are now clearly presented in some of the best pages of the book. Similarly the later developments of the English Lollards after their

the Hussites, Lambert is traversing ground that has been more recently covered at rather fuller length in English. Beyond the additions on the later Lollards already mentioned, his account suffers more here from compression—unavoidable within the limits of his book—in comparison with existing accounts than it does in the earlier parts. Among other things it prevents him from establishing convincingly his contention—one of seven revisions he makes to generally held opinions—that the importance of the Waldensians in the later Middle Ages, especially for Hussitism, has been exaggerated.

It is over the third part that it seems to me that Lambert's adherence to recent views is most open to criticism, in two respects. The first concerns his belief that the heresy of the twelfth century represented a "long simmering crisis", and that there was a "loss of authority over heresy" by the church by the later part of the century. It is true that the Cathar heresy eluded all papal attempts at suppression until the combined effects of the so-called Albigensian crusade and then the Inquisition effectively crushed it by the middle of the thirteenth century. But that was only one sector of a European-wide theatre of papal and ecclesiastical authority which elsewhere was almost too successful at that very time in asserting itself. It is indeed doubtful whether the cases of known heresy represented anything more than small pockets of disaffection rather than the tip of an iceberg. The danger lies in exaggerating the danger rather than the danger itself.

The second point of disagreement is over his treatment of the heresy of the Free Spirit which, in support of Robert Lerner's dismissal of such a heresy at all, he sees as a fabrication of the authorities. It is true that the charges against the Free Spirit have in the past been accepted uncritically, by myself included, especially those of sexual licence—a common calumny levelled against most heretical groups by their opponents. But it is one thing to deny that there was an organized sect espousing a particular set of doctrines; it is another to deny the existence of individuals holding those ideas when they continue to be combated for two centuries. The Inquisition, in the inquisitors' handbooks of heresy, certainly helped to create a series of heretical stereotypes, putting into the mouths of suspects by their questions the very heresies they were looking for. That is one of the greatest pitfalls in the study of heresy and Lambert rightly warns against it. But to dismiss those doctrines for one sect and not for another calls into question the very bases of that study. For much of the evidence, including all ten accounts of heresy between c 970 and 1100, as well as many later cases, comes from hostile sources or reports without other corroborating support. To discriminate among them, without some counter-factual support, is to saw off the branch on which one is sitting. In the case of the Free Spirit, however, there was a line of thinkers, including two of the outstanding mystics of the fourteenth century, Suso and Ruysbroeck, who directly wrote against its adherents.

Even if the argument were accepted that these two had special reasons for wishing to exculpate themselves from suspicion of heresy, that does not apply to John Gerson, one of the pillars of ecclesiastical orthodoxy and respectability in the early fifteenth century, who repeatedly denounced the Free Spirit. There are also some heretical writings themselves which cannot be lightly dismissed. If we do not accept any of this testimony here why should we in other cases? Lambert himself, having driven out the Free Spirit by the front door, seems later to be inclined to readmit it by the back when he concedes that "Free Spirit beliefs in union with God did exist" among the Beguines of Schweidnitz, and perhaps by implication elsewhere. It is one of the handicaps of his vast undertaking that he has not the space to analyse most of the texts on which his judgments are based.

Finally there are the seven "cruces", as he calls them, in which Lambert has sought to resolve in this very certain outstanding issues. Of these we have already mentioned the question of Waldensian influence in the later Middle Ages and his interpretation of Bogomil influence in the twelfth century. He also in an opposite vein convincingly disputes the recent thesis by K. V. Selge that the early Waldensians were more concerned with preaching than with poverty. Of the others the most important are, first, his view that the fall of the Cathars was principally due to their destruction by the Inquisition rather than preaching or their own disintegration; and second, that towns did not have the importance commonly ascribed to them in the formation of heresy. The first seems plausible and Lambert makes a good case for it. The second is more debatable not only because of the near-impossibility of ever being able to know whether it is true but also because of the ambiguity which it involves.

It is quite true that groups like the Waldensians or the Franciscili lived mainly in the country or the mountains and that heretics wandered about, or escaped into, the countryside preaching and gaining a following, as Henry of Lausanne or Peter of Bruys did. But would the Cathars, or indeed the Waldensians, or the various heretical groups in northern Italy or the spiritual Franciscans or the Hussites—or for that matter the friars—ever have made their impact, or even have got off the ground, had it not been for the towns? And was not one of the weaknesses of the Lollards their lack of urban strongholds? Perhaps a more fruitful approach is not to begin from an initial disjunction between town and countryside but rather to see them as interrelated so that one fostered the other, although not necessarily in any invariable sequence. After all, medieval society was predominantly agrarian without the contrast between town and country, as Lambert remarks in the case of Languedoc, that is characteristic of modern society.

If Lambert's book seems to raise as many questions as it resolves that is a measure of the challenge with which he has presented medieval popular heresy. He has not sought to offer easy solutions or to minimize the problems. But he has made the problems more assimilable with the help of twelve maps, various other indexes and a glossary of heresies. Henceforth anyone coming to the subject will have a guide to show him the way to approach what will probably always remain an intractable subject.

The abdication of the priests

By John McManners

MICHEL VOVELLE:
Religion et révolution
La déchristianisation de l'an II
316pp. Paris: Hachette. 52fr.

Michel Vovelle, of the University of Aix-en-Provence, is a learned and original historian who has three specialities—death, "de-Christianization" and the statistical study of historical problems. Death is uncontroversial, but grimly fascinating; readers of M Vovelle's little book, *Mourir, autrefois: attitudes collectives devant la mort au XVIIe et XVIIIe siècles* (1974) will know that his love for quantification is not incompatible with a penchant for picturesque details and unusual anecdotes. But "de-Christianization" and statistics have involved him in tribulations. What depth was there in the supposed Christianization in the first place? To what extent were reforms and internal transformations of religion during the same work as anticlericalism and scepticism? Observed changes in a complex of religious ideas, practices and attitudes may mark the ending of a particular form of the institutional and cultural focusing of religious inspiration, on the way to a new, deeper and more spiritual complex, standing in a different relation to society in general. Numerical decline may go alongside the rediscovery of true mission. M Vovelle, whose work on de-Christianization goes ahead with massive research and statistical ingenuity, but with limited questioning about the meaning of the long-term processes he is examining, has aroused criticism, more especially a demand for a more precise definition of terms and a new and more meaningful nomenclature — a nomenclature of the kind that is being devised, for example, by Professor Plongeron of the Institut Catholique.

As for statistics, an early article by Vovelle on votive candles in eighteenth-century Provence aroused the ire and irony of Richard Cobb, who did not find it difficult to think of reasons other than a decline of religious enthusiasm to explain why the good folk of south-east France decided to lessen their investment in ecclesiastical candlewax. Recently, M Vovelle has claimed that the solemn tone of his article masked an element of light-hearted parody; if so, we were all taken in.

However that may have been, his volume published in 1973, *Piété baroque et déchristianisation en Provence au XVIIIe siècle*, is a masterpiece. Basically, it is a statistical study of lists of wills and testaments, especially concentrating on analysing the decline of the use of elaborate religious formulae and the reduction in the number and lavishness of bequests of a religious kind, in like the foundation of masses for the testator's soul. It might have been a forbidding subject, but the story is enriched by comparisons with other evidence and told with a wealth of curious detail and intelligent comment, so that it for transcends the routine statistical discussions which form the groundwork of the research.

M Vovelle's most recent work, *Religion et Révolution: la déchristianisation de l'an II*, is a more "popular" book in that it does not have learned references, but certainly not in the sense that it is meant for the general reader—indeed, the English reader of any kind, general or specialist, will need determination and a lot of time to get through it. Without a map of the twenty-one departments of south-east France including a lot of place names and quite detailed indications of physical features in front of him, even a well-informed reader will not follow much of the argument, and the numerous sketch-maps in the text do not make comprehension easier, since they give no names, but limit themselves to ghostly outlines of anonymous departments, packed with black spots, circles, symbols or hachures to show things like "the proportion of urban clergy above the average", "the percentage of changes of significant names in relation to the number of localities", or "global flow of addresses received at the Convention, (1) in absolute figures, (2) percentage per hundred communes".

Nevertheless, the aim is straightforward enough. During the Terror, in Year II (from September 1793 to August 1794), there were anti-Christian demonstrations which reached their highest intensity during the six months from Brumaire to Germinal (that is, from October/November, 1793 to March/April, 1794). M Vovelle (concentrating his researches in the south-east of France) considers the various manifestations of anti-clerical and anti-religious feeling, tries to express them in quantitative terms, and sieves these results through various interpretative meshes: geographical area, time sequence, activity of various social classes, and so on.

The chief manifestation studied (taking up half the book) is that of priests abjuring their vocation or marrying, for the most part under revolutionary pressure — in the twenty-one departments, there were something like 4,500 cases of abjuration. M. Vovelle had already published some of his findings on this subject as part of a nation-wide inquiry organized by Reinhard in 1964; this book goes into a great deal more detail. Other manifestations which are quantified are the handing in of church silver to the mint (distinguishing between weight and the number of pieces), and the changes of place names into revolutionary forms (the mere omission of "Saint" is routine and counts for little, while the introduction of "Marat" or other "martyrs of liberty" get extra points, like a score-draw on the football pools).

It is easy to smile at this total commitment and at some of the findings—mountain areas tend to be "refuges", witness the fact that no church spires were pulled down above the 800-metre line (to be fair, M Vovelle himself smiles at this); thirty men tempted at Arles for excess of de-Christianizing zeal had an average age of thirty-eight. On the other hand, if the author's methodology is beleaguered, he is aware of the danger of becoming ridiculous; he is subtle and cautious in his interpretations, and his analysis sometimes becomes labyrinthine to the point of making us wonder whether statistics can be used to prove anything at all.

For example, M Vovelle is not just telling us how many priests abdicated, when and where; he also asks how many were available in each area to be victimized, what proportion did their numbers bear to the whole population, what had been their attitude to this oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, how many had emigrated, how many were imprisoned or executed, were they parish priests or ex-monks and others with fewer responsibilities, were they locally born or refugees and birds of passage, how old were they, how much new recruitment had there been, were they in areas which had produced numerous priests under the Ancien Régime, were they rural or urban by origin and in the place of their victimization, in what form did they abandon their vocation (giving up the "functions" of priesthood or its "exercise," has very limited implications), did they take up their ministry afterwards, or did they try to do so, what sort of jobs did they do afterwards, if they married into what social class did they marry, what age were their wives, what previous connections had they had (a quarter of them married relatives).

This is a vast inquiry, and after following through it we no longer feel happy with the author's main objective—the establishment of a map of de-Christianization by geographical areas and of an analysis of month-by-month activity—we find ourselves happier brooding amid the mass of detail to try to understand the angles of individual decisions and the secrets of human motives.

The conclusions? It is dangerous to attempt to state them succinctly, for M Vovelle has made an infinity of qualifications, and to state some of them at all would mean venturing into a morass of names that only a special kind of map can make comprehensible. Even so, there are some old ideas proved by new methods and some new hypotheses convincingly advanced. The role of the *représentants en mission* is once again established as of the utmost importance. A useful and lucid summary of the part played by the *armée révolutionnaire* is given, derived chiefly from Richard Cobb's masterly volumes on the subject, to which M Vovelle pays admiring tribute.

M Vovelle shows how Christianity "revenge" could not have been a major factor in the de-Christianization; local feuds no doubt counted for something, but the chief anti-clerical pressure came in Catholic, not Protestant areas, and Protestant ministers were persecuted too, multitude of coincidences (and some significant incompatibilities) between the maps of the de-Christianization, maps of the taking of the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, maps of religious practices and of practice and of political voting in twentieth-century elections are indicated. The pattern of the spread of de-Christianizing practices from central France is traced (the Vovelle method works well here, for with the motives for doing similar actions may vary from place to place, the fact of imitation and transmission can be established by dating incidents on the map). The movement clearly was not a Machiavellian conspiracy imposing itself by force, nor was it a spontaneous popular outburst. Whatever its inspirations, its importance lay in the fact that it evoke brooding anticlerical forces and fanned to flame the ashes of ancient and accumulated hatreds. And yet, the outrages were new, and caused irreparable damage to the structure of the religious conformity of the Ancien Régime. The question remains, of course, in what sense was that old structure "Christian"?

Electrical storms

By Stephen Fender

RICHARD PRICE :
Blood Brothers
271pp. Macdonald and Jane's. £4.95.

After the Jewish mother, the Italian father. The De Coco family live in a huge, high-rise housing development in the Bronx called Co-op City. Tommy, the father, is an electrician on a building site, a proud union man who wants his son Stony to join him in his trade. Tommy's brother Chubby and his wife also live in Co-op City. Tommy and Chubby screw around a good bit, leaving their wives, especially Tommy's wife, Marie, frustrated and neurotic. *She* takes it out on their other child, an anorexic boy called Albert.

The only one not locked into this scheme is Stony. He is as tough and lusty as his father. But at eighteen, still deciding what to do with himself, he is not certain he wants to be an electrician. He has *friends outside the family*, even beyond the ethnic barrier. His girl, "Three-Finger" Annette, is willing to provide him with more than sexual support. (Though the sexual support she does provide is considerable.) The crisis comes when Marie, in a horrific scene, hears up Albert and puts him in the hospital. The doctor sees that Stony is the only responsible member of the family and warns him of what is going on between his mother and little brother. In the course of their talk he suggests that Stony might like to work with children in the hospital. Stony jumps at the chance, and turns out to be very good at it.

Meanwhile his family are putting on the heat, and Stony begins to wonder whether he would not be more useful helping the emotional paraplegics at home. When Marie decides to pay Tommy back by engaging in a bit of adultery of her own, Chubby gets to hear about it, but mistakes the Mrs De Coco mentioned for his own wife. He almost kills her. It is all too much for Stony, who ends the story by buckling on an electrician's tool belt.

Blood Brothers is an old American story with a new ending: an adolescent undergoes a *rite de passage*, then returns home instead of lighting out for the territories. Mr Price's technique mirrors this tension between freedom and captivity. On the surface the novel is liberated from decorum and cliché. The dialogue has the energetic authentic sound made familiar by *Last Exit to Brooklyn* and recent films like *Mean Streets* and *Dog Day Afternoon*. But underneath it is conventionally authoritarian: heavily plotted, not in the serio-comic manner of Thomas Pynchon, but in the more ordinary sense of seeming contrived. For instance, Stony has a friend who seems almost magically transformed from a moron to a sage dispenser of friendly counsel when he takes over the management of his uncle's lingerie store—a rather obvious foil for Stony. The events leading to Stony's final renunciation seem especially hard to credit; too much happens too quickly, without apparent cause or convincing effect.

This tension between surface and plot may, of course, be intended since there is a similar vacillation in point of view. The book seems anxious to break free from stereotypes about New York. Blacks and whites enjoy unselfconscious friendships. Policemen and nurses are not pigs and tyrants but warm, rather kindly people trying to help where they can. Even the "hard hats" get a voice. But along with this desire to accommodate, to see the other man's point of view, goes a nervousness about "point of view" in the narrative sense. No sooner does Stony finish telling his friend Butler about his wild night with Annette (a superb piece of writing) than the narrative hustles around to old Three Fingers's place to register her life-story, what *she* thought of their night together, how she imagines Stony talking about it later. No sooner do we witness the conversation between Dr Harris and Stony about Albert, than we go inside the doctor's head for his view of the case. Mr Price leaves very little white space. Like Tommy De Coco, he does not always trust his offspring.

Reciting recklessly

By Blake Morrison

ALEXIS LYKIARD :
The Drive North
183pp. Allison and Busby. £4.50. (paperback, £1.95).

"I mean, what are you, a novelist or a poet?" someone asks the central character Marston in Alexis Lykiard's *The Drive North*. It is a fair question and one which Mr Lykiard, who has published eight novels and nine books of poetry, may well have been asking himself recently. For there are poet-novelists and poets who also write novels. Into the first category fall those poets for whom fiction is a pursuit demanding at least as much concentration on form and technique as does poetry: into the second those for whom fiction is a spare-time hobby, an occasion for making use of abandoned poems, and an excuse to pay off a few old scores.

The inside cover of Mr Lykiard's novel suggests that he belongs to the former category: it calls *The Drive North* "a reckless book, standing in contrast to the mainstream of modern English fiction". The contents, however, suggest that Mr Lykiard is a writer for whom deviation from the mainstream means no more than the occasional fantasy, digression or authorial intrusion. Thus he can allow his protagonist a hackneyed sexual romp—"suddenly the clinch broke and they were tugging and ripping at their clothes"—but then cover himself with a pseudo-Nabokovian footnote to the effect that the scene may have been merely "a case of wish fulfilment". This is indeed cut-price experimentalism.

The Drive North is a fairly conventional novel, describing the Northern poetry-circuit adventures of Lee Marston, a talented, handsome, envied, drama-queen poet with a "downcurved Mex moustache", and of his blonde companion Lina, whose chief characteristic is a regard for Marston only marginally less idolatrous than his own. Various poets and "jealous and therefore biased reviewers" with transparent pseudonyms (there is, for instance, a Catholic reviewer called Algernon Clave) are met up with and/or sneered at, and Marston's unattractive aesthetic theories — "taking refuge in the literal is the last resort of a second-rate mind" — communicated to "avid poetry groupies". Despite its declared opposition to linearity, the novel even has a conventional ending, its hero refusing to compromise his artistic integrity for hack work — "I've been thinking. That thriller was unreal, dishonest . . ." — and promising to write a novel called *The Drive North* (a none-too-subtle hint that the "handsome and envied" Marston can be taken to be Mr Lykiard himself). Some of the poems included here — "The Rhyming" and "Letter from Lina" in particular — deserve better than to perish with this frail and self-indulgent narrative.

In Joan Aiken's new novel *Last Movement* (251pp. Gollancz. £3.95) Priscilla—known as Mike—Mckie-John accompanies her mother, convalescing after an accident, to a sanatorium-cum-musical-centre run on vegetarian principles on the Greek island of Dondros. Here she meets Lady Julia Gibbon, playwright and society beauty, honeymooning with her second husband, a mysterious Armenian millionaire. The peace engendered by shredded carrot, steam baths and Mozart quartets is soon interrupted by suspicion, jealousy and murder. It would be difficult to be bored while on a Greek island with Mike, even without the nearly laid booby traps which catch the reader at each turn of the plot; it is a pity, therefore, that the ending slightly lets down the high quality of the rest of the novel.

Middle-class families

By Victoria Glendinning

CHAIM BERMANT :
The Squire of Bor Shachor
191pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

At the age of seventy Henry Hoch emigrates with his wife Celeste from Isleworth to a small town in Israel. What happens next is the subject of Chaim Bermant's very readable new novel *The Squire of Bor Shachor*. It is all told in letters from Henry, who is a gentlemanly, Jewish Mr Pooter, mild, ineffective and optimistic. The reader realizes long before he does that his wife is a *terror*: described in an early letter as "one of those frail English ladies who are sustained by periodic bursts of fury", she blossoms in Bor Shachor into the scourge of garage-men, builders, developers and orthodoxy. The Bor Shachor side of the story is dominated by her increasingly noisy politicking, and by the and even the devoted Henry writes home maliciously that "people talk of her as if she was another Margaret Thatcher, but in fact she looks more like Harold Macmillan".

The insights into Israeli society, and into the troubles of the very British Hochs in adapting to it, are both entertaining and salutary. But Henry's letters are equally preoccupied with what is going on back in England. Hoch *père*, founder of the family firm, is about to celebrate his hundredth birthday at Petlock Hall, where he lives with his eldest son Berthold, approaching eighty, and his spinster daughter Gwendolen. Another aging brother has made his fortune in America; yet another, Matthew, gets romantically entangled with Henry's (married) neighbour on a visit to Bor Shachor and runs away with her. The Bor Shachor connection brings even further disarray to Petlock Hall when Gwendolen, well over sixty, opts to marry the local pimp and odd-job man who accompanies Henry to England for old Hoch's birthday party.

The paterfamilias refuses to attend his party, Henry feels inadequate without Celeste there to answer for both of them, and the younger generation loom offstage, misunderstood and misunderstanding. Mr Bermant is at his best and sharpest on the petulant malice of the old and on familial obsession. The Hochs, Henry observes, do not belong to the *haute bourgeoisie* of Anglo-Jewry: "neither *haute* nor *petite* but rather muddled-middle, where people get married and that's that". He writes from Petlock to Celeste in Israel:

> Family reunions are really roll-calls, aren't they? There's a tacit stock-taking of who is here and who has passed on, who are together and who are apart, and the single tend to be regarded with a mixture of commiseration, despair and, I suppose, impatience by the doubled, for they spoil the familiar pattern of pairs.

Familiar patterns of all kinds are breaking down. The old man dies in a sulk, and Petlock is to be sold for a housing estate. Back in Bor Shachor, Henry is manipulated into standing for the council in opposition to Celeste, and is elected mayor: "if my mayoralty should prove no worse than my marriage, I shall be fairly satisfied".

Arrival platforms

By Sandra Salmans

HELEN YGLESIAS :
Family Feeling
309pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £4.50.

In *Family Feeling*, Helen Yglesias covers the familiar emotional territory of an American Jewish family—a quicksand of love, hate, guilt and suffering but never of indifference. She introduces the Goddards (the name is an Anglo-Saxon corruption of Yagoda, visited on the family by a helpful immigration officer) as they assemble in New York's sooty Pennsylvania Station to await the Silver Meteor carrying Mama's body from Miami. All seven children clamour for each other's attention as they used to clamour for their mother's, but two stand out from the rest: Anne, marked by her radical politics, literary ambitions, a recent divorce and a gentile lover; and Barry, a ruthless businessman whose multimillion-dollar corporation employs and sustains the rest of the family.

The book belongs mostly to Anne, the youngest, as she moves back and forth in time. She recalls the Goddards' moves into a series of cold-water flats as the family expands and, mismanaged by Papa, its fortunes worsen; as a child, Anne thinks that "bankruptcy", "creditor" and "psoriasis" are Yiddish words for Yiddish troubles. She confects a wistful tale according to which she is really the daughter of English aristocrats who have temporarily boarded her in the South Bronx. Eventually she does escape, first to work on a little magazine and then to marriage with its owner.

Barry arrives by a different route; his one-man office in New York's rag trade grows into Goddard Enterprises, a multi-national whose assets include a midtown skyscraper, the mayor of New York City and the governor of the state. Travelling in different circles, Barry and Anne connect only at family gatherings, usually funerals: wonderfully strong and funny scenes observed by Anne with a bitchy eye for detail: the cushions of fat that bulge from the shoes worn by Papa's second wife; the inexplicably cross-eyed maiden who ronppers, again and again, across Barry's expensive upholstery.

It is a weakness of *Family Feeling* that Barry, although central to the story, is clearly its focus; Mrs Yglesias naturally prefers to concentrate on Anne, whose life seems to be modelled in part on her own. Goddard Enterprises grows silently, effortlessly and to the obvious mystification of the author herself. Still, if his business empire remains an abstraction, Barry is not; nor are the other Goddards. "Why do they upset you so?" Anne is asked by her non-Jewish husband, after another family gathering. "They're really very ordinary people, ordinary Jewish people, that is." It is to Helen Yglesias's credit that she confirms this while at the same time painting an extraordinary family portrait.

Sitting targets

By Margaret Traugott

ALLAN EURIPIN :
The Little Medicine Bottle
182pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.95.

After thirty-eight uneventful years, dowdyish Dora Mayhew is destined to fall in love, discover a rival and explode with murderous jealousy within a period of five weeks. The details of the climactic tussle are established as she chats in Regent's Park with an indigent neighbour whom she has come to regard as a younger brother. She even reveals to him the little medicine bottle of the title, brimming with morphia, which she carries ostensibly as a "quietus" in case one day she has had enough. It is much the nicest way to go, she explains, and might not be noticed in a drink with a strong flavour . . .

As if to be easily staged, the crucial dramatic action takes place entirely on these two chairs in the park. As Dora's young confidant abandons his seat, it is quickly taken up by the stranger Cyril Blowey who is shortly to change the course of Dora's life. Exit Dora, enter Violet Mason, provocative "great widow", who tendingly establishes herself as the competition. The novel is very much set in the 1930s and in those days "faces" were paid for seats in the park: a ticket collector makes his rounds, observing the shifting twosomes with raised eyebrows.

It's a very tidy book. Dora has a long, colourless face and extravagantly virginal plaits coiled over her ears; while Violet has a wide, sensuous mouth and hair the colour of pitch. Integrity of character is ever shines through Dora's pale blue eyes; mischief hatches behind Violet's black, opaque, somewhat sinister ones. Dora likes tea and reads Thomas à Kempis; Violet's drink is whisky and she likes French magazines. Bobbing between his sacred and profane love, the schoolboyish Cyril Blowey passively rides a current of befuddling emotions towards his ineluctable fate.

The seedier media

By Anne Barnes

BARRY NORMAN :
A Series of Defeats
169pp. Quartet Books. £4.25.

Any life seen from the inside is simply a series of defeats. Orwell pointed that out, saying that any man who gives a good account of himself is probably lying. Which may be true but people who constantly give a bad account of themselves are probably lying too, and they are a lot more boring to listen to. Henry Tyson, in this novel, is a fall guy for whom every situation is an almost guaranteed defeat. He is a failing journalist understandably selfconscious about his lack of success, particularly as his wife Sue has written a book which her agent claims is a classic to rank with the works of Beatrix Potter and Kenneth Grahame. In every other way she is a dream wife, neatly pretty but still able to look defenceless when appropriate, and together they live a colour-supplement life in a brightly painted little house with polished furniture and neatly made beds and carpets briskly swept. They are ripe for that other gift of the colour supplements: the midlife crisis.

Henry's impeccable home is contrasted with the sleazy world of journalistic opportunism with which he must daily tangle: the [illegible] television pundits, the [illegible] and the Puking Cat magazine where the waitresses wear white T-shirts and tight white trousers with a vomiting cat's head embroidered on each buttock and breast. All this provides plenty of scrapes for unlucky Henry. After a bizarre interview with his executive editor in the lavatory during which he is told to "*get meaningful*" he finds the door has jammed and he is imprisoned in there. On another occasion he calls at a flat where he thinks his wife is having dinner with another man and finds himself falling around in the broom cupboard until a strange woman who happens to have been taking G.L.C judo classes picks him up and throws him out. He has a brief affair with a coloured girl whom he calls Jungle Bunny and it is this which provides the central situation of the story but the scenes with her are overworked—farcical but not really funny.

Barry Norman knows the worlds of television and journalism well. He is impatient of their pretensions, which he shows up in bursts of comic observation, but he has nothing new to say about them. He is scornful of the jargon words like "meaningful" and "contemporary" and the specious theories about the permissive society which are bandied about, but is himself prey to exactly those clichés he deplores.

The path of the peacemaker

By Crawford Young

RAJESHWAR DAYAL :
Mission for Hammarskjöld
The Congo Crisis
335pp. Oxford University Press. £7.

Rajeshwar Dayal, a distinguished Indian international servant, has now joined the growing ranks of participants in the 1960 "Congo crisis" to offer his personal account. Dayal, who wound up his career as Indian Foreign Secretary 1967-68, served as Special Representative of the United Nations General Secretary in the Congo (now Zaire), in command of the military and civil operations, from September 5, 1960 until early March 1961. Dayal's mandate bridged the most turbulent phase of the Zaire disaster; he arrived on the day that President Joseph Kasavubu suddenly dismissed Prime Minister Lumumba, and left when the negotiations which would lead to a compromise national government were getting under way.

Those who desire documentation on these dramatic events do not lack material; Dayal has been preceded on the trail of autobiographical revelation by United Nations participants Brian Urquhart, Major-General Carl Von Horn, General H. T. Alexander, Brigadier A. Afrifa, Conor Cruise O'Brien; Western diplomats Ian Scott and Paul-Henri Spaak; Lumumba backers Serge Michel, Anicet and Kashamura and Kwame Nkrumah, to mention but a few. On a path so well-trodden, one could hardly expect to find whole new sectors of understanding charted. Dayal, however, does enrich our knowledge on many finer points. The texture of events is elegantly captured; the key human actors—Lumumba, Hammarskjöld, Kasavubu, Mobutu—are portrayed with sensitivity and skill. The discipline of diplomatic dispatch-writing has equipped the author with a clear and succinct style; the book is engrossing, and frequently moving, as Dayal recreates the sense of epic tragedy surrounding the deaths of Lumumba and Hammarskjöld.

The fifteen years which elapsed before Dayal put his version in print enhance its value as a historical document. He feels able to make extensive use of confidential United Nations communications, especially the daily cable traffic between himself and Hammarskjöld. The distance from events permits him to be quite candid in his appraisal of his associates; some, like Mekki Abbas of Sudan and General Von Horn of Sweden, he found clearly not up to the tasks assigned them.

Dayal does not present a very flattering picture of the Zairian leaders he dealt with. Kasavubu was evasive, secretive, indecisive. General (now President) Mobutu Sese Seko, Dayal felt, swiftly acquired delusions of grandeur, and was under the influence of unnamed Western powers. The antipathy was clearly mutual; when Hammarskjöld informed Zairian authorities in April 1961 that he was sending Dayal back to his post in Zaire, the reaction was quite hysterical; Kasavubu threatened to abrogate every single agreement with the United Nations, and totally obstruct its functioning, while Mobutu went further to assert that the Zairian army would embark on a war with the United Nations forces, and that Dayal himself would be assassinated. (He returned instead to his Indian diplomatic post.)

The hero of the chronicle is Hammarskjöld, for whom Dayal has a profound admiration. The author wholly identifies with the late General Secretary's dream of the United Nations as a vital instrument for peace. The Zaire crisis, when it first appeared on the horizon, seemed an admirable opportunity to fulfil this vision. Dayal well recaptures this mood:

> Hammarskjöld carried about him an aura of supreme confidence, the immensity of his responsibilities seeming only to exhilarate him. He told me that the task of the United Nations in the Congo was unique in the experience of the Organization both in regard to its character and magnitude. A new course in international cooperation was being charted and would expand the frontiers of the Organization's responsibilities and functions and greatly stimulate its future growth.

Although Dayal maintains that Zaire was the United Nation's most successful peace-keeping operation, it would be hard to maintain that it fulfilled the lofty aims set by Hammarskjöld. Despite his admiration, Dayal does fault Hammarskjöld on one score: his personal incompatibility with Lumumba, which did subtly influence some crucial United Nations tactical choices, in August-September 1960. It is hard to conceive of two more diametrically opposed personalities; the cold intellectuality, deeply cosmopolitan and philosophical spirit of the one clashed irreconcilably with the mercurial temperament, obstinacy, and passionate nationalist engagement but limited international understanding of the other.

Although Dayal was accused by the Western powers, and many Zairians, of partiality to Lumumba and his allies, he is quite aware of the late prime minister's flaws. One could scarcely improve on his summary characterization of Lumumba, as a leader who

> struggled with fate, seeking to force the pattern of developments into the image of his dreams. But he was unable to control the forces which he had himself helped to generate. . . . If his qualities of character had been equalled by the fervour of his convictions, he would have shown a greater measure of patience, combined with resilience. Obstinacy is not strength, nor is passion statesmanship.

It is instructive to contrast the response of the international community to the Angolan crisis in 1975, with that analysed by Dayal. Although even in 1960 the Hammarskjöld image of the United Nations role was seen as visionary by many, there was none the less a very broad international consensus on the necessity and appropriateness of United Nations intervention. Fifteen years later, as civil war threatened in Angola, and the former colonial power was wholly unable to guide events, virtually no one suggested a United Nations peacekeeping force. One may only conclude that most chancelleries have found that the lessons of the United Nations experience in Zaire were not the achievements, but the limitations.

The accomplishments were, indeed, very real. It is, at best, doubtful that Zaire would have survived the crisis as a single unit without the United Nations; it was, finally, an unauthorized but efficacious United Nations military move that brought Katanga to heel in January 1963 (following the illegal and inefficacious initiative in September 1961 which led to Hammarskjöld's fatal flight to Ndola, eloquently described by Dayal). The United Nations also did limit the scale of external intervention, without wholly eliminating it. However, the Angolan case graphically illustrates the potential scope for international involvement in an African civil war. The impact of the 1960 breakdown was cushioned in important respects by the United Nations operation.

However, the United Nations froze without resolving conflicts. The withdrawal of the peacekeeping forces in 1964 was accompanied by a wave of rebellion. The civilian technical assistance programmes, while useful, did not have an enduring impact. Yet important resources were committed to the United Nations effort. Roughly half a billion dollars were expended; probably more important, the operation benefited from the devoted labours of some of the most remarkably talented international public servants of the contemporary epoch, beginning with Dayal himself.

Although it was easy to gain agreement to undertake the Zaire operation, it was exceedingly difficult to maintain consensus for facing the successive crises. This difficulty would be greatly compounded today; the diversity of membership is greater, and there are no Third World statesmen of the stature of Jawaharlal Nehru to step into the breach at difficult moments. It is also unlikely that the United Nations could generate the financial resources required for another operation on the Zairian scale.

Rajeshwar Dayal's book will stand as one of the most valuable studies of the United Nations role in Zaire. If the reader wants to examine a single work to gain an overview of the 1960 crisis, he can do no better than *Mission for Hammarskjöld*. Those who have avidly consumed the vast array of Zaire crisis studies will here find new enlightenment on important points of detail.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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for the Hull Site of BP Chemicals Ltd., which employs about 1,800 people in a variety of technical functions, including research and development. The library is part of a small technical information group serving the Hull Site and is integrated with other information units in the Company. It is housed in well appointed accommodation and carries a stock of about 3,000 books, 8,000 patents, 10,000 pamphlets and takes about 250 periodicals.

The librarian is responsible to the Technical Information Officer for the day to day running of the library, including answering enquiries of general nature, classifying and cataloguing stock, arranging interlibrary loans and controlling loans from the library's own stock.

Candidates (men or women) should be Qualified Librarians. A knowledge of chemistry or engineering would be an advantage.

Starting salary will be up to £4,000 including indexation supplement, depending on age and experience. The Company offers job security, good career prospects and excellent employment conditions, including a non-contributory pension scheme. Assistance with re-location expenses will be given where appropriate.

Please telephone or write for an application form, quoting ref: LS.395 to Myra Webster, Staff Officer, BP Chemicals Ltd., Salt End, Hull HU12 8DS. Tel: Hull 896251.

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

PROGRAMMER/ ANALYST

required for Library's Automation office to assist in designing and implementing cataloguing, circulation control and other computer-based systems. Programming experience in PL/1 and Assembler essential, minicomputer experience and experience in library and data processing work desirable.

Salary in range £3,975-£5,219 according to age and experience. Two-year appointment initially, with prospects of longer-term extension.

Apply to Librarian, Cambridge University Library, West Road, Cambridge, by 15 July, 1977.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF TASMANIA AUSTRALIA

Senior Librarian
State Library Department

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for permanent appointment as Senior Librarian at the Hellyer Regional Library, Burnie.

SALARY RANGE:
$A13,284 to $A13,564 per annum.

DUTIES:
The Senior Librarian will deputise for the Regional Librarian and in particular will supervise the day to day operations of the Hellyer Regional Library headquarters building and maintain a high standard of library and information service to the Burnie - Urban area and environs.

QUALIFICATIONS:
Registration Certificate of a recognised library association or acceptable equivalent qualifications, together with a University Degree and a minimum of five years' post qualification experience.

GENERAL CONDITIONS:
Fares and removal expenses to a maximum of $A2,000.
Four weeks' annual recreation leave.
Annual leave loading.
Generous sick leave.
Contributory Retirement Benefits

The State Library of Tasmania serves the whole of the State (410,000 people) through six regional library systems with 70 branches. The Hellyer Region (60,000 people) has a central library (22,000 s.f.) completed in 1975, 13 branches and a book-mobile. It has a professional staff of 13 and 23 supporting staff in the central library. The region includes some of the most scenic areas in the North-West of Australia's Tourist State.
Application forms available from the Agent General for Tasmania, Tasmania House, 458/9 Strand, London, WC2R 0RJ.

Library Assistant

Wimpey Laboratories Ltd. need a Library Assistant for varied and interesting work in their library at their modern office at Hayes.

Applicants should have some commercial or clerical experience, and previous library service would be advantageous.

Salary is negotiable. Other benefits include over three weeks' holiday per year, a staff restaurant, a contributory pension scheme and free life assurance.

Applicants should apply in confidence, giving brief summary of qualifications and experience, to:—

The Personnel Officer, Wimpey Laboratories Ltd., Beaconsfield Road, Hayes, Middx UB4 0LS.

WIMPEY LABORATORIES

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Principal: James Pomfret, M.A., B.Sc., M.Ed.

Stranmillis College is a College of Education, of about 1,020 students, who are preparing to teach in nursery, primary and secondary schools through the Certificate (3 years), B.Ed. Degree (3 and 4 years), and Post-Graduate (1 year) courses. The College is non-denominational: there is no religious test.

The College is pleasantly situated in an attractive wooded estate of some 45 acres, in a quiet residential neighbourhood on the southern outskirts of the City of Belfast. New building projects to the value of £2¼ million have been completed in the last few years.

LECTURER or SENIOR LECTURER in MATHEMATICS

Applications are invited from well qualified Mathematics graduates with teaching or lecturing experience for appointment from January 1st, 1978. In September next, new courses leading to the B.Ed. Degree of The Queen's University will be introduced; normal university entrance requirements will operate, and honours will be available.

It is hoped to make this appointment before the last week in September; the closing date for receipt of applications will be September 2nd.

Salary Scale: Lecturer/Senior Lecturer £3,279 to £6,417 p.a. plus £312 p.a., plus a further increase under the Pay Code from April 1st, 1977.

Assistance with removal expenses from outside Northern Ireland.

Further information about the College and the appointment, and a form of application, may be obtained from: The Secretary, Stranmillis College, Belfast BT9 5DY.

LIBRARY SERVICE

CHIEF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Salary £6,288 to £6,847 per annum inclusive

A Chartered Librarian with extensive administrative experience is required for this post, which has become vacant on the appointment of the present holder to another authority. The position, which ranks third in the Library establishment, is responsible for the co-ordination of circulation services, staffing administration, and the development of computerised routines.

Generous relocation expenses available.

Further details and application forms from the Administration Manager, Room 705, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 12th July. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24-hour Ansafone service). Reference number A/21/D must be quoted.

London Borough of **BRENT**

NATIONAL GALLERY
Photographic Library Assistant

The Photographic Library comprises an extensive collection of photographs and reproductions mainly of the work of the major painters. The successful candidate will be involved in ordering, sorting, and mounting photographs; checking photographs ordered from overseas; developing and maintaining various indices; dealing with enquiries and with HMSO on binding arrangements.

Candidates should normally have a degree or an equivalent qualification in a relevant subject; those without such a qualification must have appropriate knowledge or experience. Interest in the history of European painting and in library work desirable.

Starting salary, as Research Assistant Grade II, between £3,070 and £4,510 according to qualifications and experience. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 21 July, 1977) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote G(13)382.

NORTH-EASTERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD

Applications are invited for the following posts:—

LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, DEMESNE AVENUE, BALLYMENA.

DIVISIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
CENTRAL DIVISION.

Salary scale £3,366-£3,702 per annum plus a supplement of £312. Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with specialist interest in working with children and children's literature.

HEALTH AND WELFARE LIBRARIAN

Salary scale £3,366-£3,702 per annum plus a supplement of £312. This person appointed will be responsible for the provision of a service to Hospitals, Day Centres, Residential Units, etc.
Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with relevant experience and hold a current driving licence.
The above posts are open to both men and women.
Application forms may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, from the Personnel Officer, North-Eastern Education and Library Board, County Hall, 182 Galgorm Road, Ballymena, BT42 1HN and must be returned not later than FRIDAY, 15th July, 1977.
Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

CITY OF COVENTRY
LIBRARIES ARTS AND MUSEUMS DEPARTMENT

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH ASSISTANT
Librarians Scale/AP4

A vacancy has arisen in the research unit of the department's Bibliographical Services Section. Under the general supervision of the Bibliographical Services Officer the person appointed will be responsible for the control of a centralised research function and, as a member of the section's management team, will contribute to the overall direction of the work.
Application forms and further particulars from the Director, Libraries Arts and Museums, Administration, Bayley Lane, Coventry CV1 5RG. Returnable by 14th July, 1977.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

A vacancy exists at the
Monitoring Service Reference Library, Caversham Park, Reading

If you have proven relevant further education and a keen interest in foreign affairs, a knowledge of foreign languages, or appropriate library experience, typing ability, and would like to join a specialised enquiries team, telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, for application form quoting reference 77.G.304 TLS to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

Salary: £2,436 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £129 to £3,081 p.a. plus appropriate Pay Supplement and shift allowance at the 10% rate.

BBC

ANNOUNCEMENTS

YR ACADEMI GYMREIG
ENGLISH LANGUAGE SECTION

The Novel in English in Wales
WEEKEND CONFERENCE

To be held at the College of Librarianship Wales, Aberystwyth
1-4 September, 1977

The programme arranged will cover aspects of the Welsh novel in English with particular reference to the work of two eminent Welsh novelists, Richard Hughes and Emyr Humphreys. The lecturers will include Raymond Williams, Roland Mathias, Peter Thomas, Joan Williams and Richard Poole. Emyr Humphreys will take part in a discussion on his work.

For further details please write to:
Sue Harries, Secretary, Yr Academi Gymreig, 9 Museum Place, Cardiff CF1 3NX.
Tel.: 0222 394711

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE HISTORY OF RHETORIC

INAUGURAL MEETING

ETH Zürich, 29 June-2 July, 1977

Speakers include: E. Garin, C. Perelman, R. R. Bolgar, E. Grassi, W. J. Ong, G. Else.

Details and membership from Prof. Brian Vickers, Centre for Renaissance Studies, ETH Zentrum, CH-8092 Zurich, Switzerland.

BBC
Archives Advisory Committee

The Committee set up by the BBC and chaired by Lord Briggs has now reached the stage in its work where it would be glad to receive the views of interested bodies.

In the first instance, written statements should be sent to Richard Hewlett, Head of Reference and Registry Services, BBC, Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA.

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Candidates should be chartered librarians and a degree would be an advantage, in addition to being responsible for the provision of an effective and efficient library service at the site, the successful applicant will also be expected to assume responsibility for the subject areas of sociology and geography and possibly some other subjects.

Salary £5,069 to £6,677 inclusive of London Weighting.

Application forms and further details are available from: The Assistant Secretary, City of London Polytechnic, 117/119 Houndsditch, London EC3A 7BU, to be returned by July 18, 1977.

CLWYD LIBRARY SERVICE
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required to take charge of the
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Salary L.S.-AP 4 £2,197 to £2,702 per annum, plus £312 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, plus a minimum of £53.50 supplement.

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Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with experience of Lending Library work. The ability to speak Welsh and familiarity with current Welsh Literature and culture is highly desirable.

SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

Salary on scale AP 5-6.O. 1 £3,105 to £3,549 per annum, plus £312 annual supplement plus a minimum of £53.50 supplement. The successful applicant will be responsible for the overall planning and organisation of the Schools Library Service. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with experience of work in a senior capacity in this field. A knowledge of Welsh is highly desirable.

Application forms for the above two posts, available from the Director of Administration and Legal Services, Shire Hall, Mold CH7 6NA (Tel. 3771 to be returned by 15th July.

F. R. H. Davies, Director of Administration and Legal Services.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION
requires
LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Applicants must have previous library experience and be able to type. Details and application forms (enclose s.a.e.) from E.S.U., 37 Charles Street, London W1X 8AB. Closing date 15th July 1977.

GREENWICH
SENIOR ASSISTANT
(Mobile Library)

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(inclusive)

Applicants will be Chartered Librarians and act as Deputy to the Mobile Librarian in a suburban service with two mobile libraries operating weekly visits to 11 fixed sites.

Application form and job description from the Borough Librarian and Curator, London Borough of Greenwich, Greenwich Library, Woolwich Road, Greenwich, SE10 0HT, (Tel. 01-858 6060, ext. 2).

Closing date: 15th July, 1977.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY
ARCHWAY SCHOOL
Bednell Road, N19 5RU
SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

A Chartered Librarian (Grade III) is needed as soon as possible for this 11-18 Comprehensive School of 800 pupils.

Salary scale £3,604 to £4,837 inclusive of London Weighting and supplement awaiting approval.

Application forms and further details (quote ED/3878 SA/JJH), Room 413, Addington Street, County Hall, London SE1 7PB, please enclose a stamped addressed foolscap envelope for reply.

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms: Friday, 15th July 1977.

LIBRARIAN/INFORMATION OFFICER

Required to assist in establishing a small information unit in the field of marine oil pollution, and maintaining a statistical data-base. Applicants should be graduates with qualifications in librarianship or information science, and a background of interest in science and technology. Please apply by 8th July, 1977 to: D. Beach, Informations Officer, Marine Pollution Federation Limited, Plantation House, 31-35 Fenchurch Street, London EC3M 3DX. (Telephone: 01-623 5427).

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Salary Scale: £3,063 to £3,869, commencing point according to qualifications and experience.

Details from: The Services Officer (TL 39) Leeds Polytechnic, Calverley Street, Leeds LS1 3HB. 0532 431601.

Closing Date: July 15, 1977.
Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS
SENIOR ASSISTANT
(Hospital and Housebound Library Service)

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You will be second in charge of small team providing service to hospitals and housebound readers. You should be a Chartered Librarian and have appropriate experience.

Application form from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London E.2, or telephone 01-981 0177 anytime, quoting reference 9.H. Closing date: July 10.

LIBRARIANS

BERKSHIRE
MOBILE LIBRARIAN
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Applications are invited for the post of Mobile Librarian, south-east Berkshire. The person appointed will initially be based at Reading and will have the additional control of a vehicle carrying a stock of 2,000 books, with the help of a driver/assistant. Applicants should have completed their professional examinations. Subsistence allowance payable where appropriate.

Further details and application form available from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Abbey Mill House, Reading, Berks., to whom applications should be returned by July 18.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

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It is unlikely that Library School graduates or qualified Librarians would be considered for these junior posts.

Further details and application forms available from the Establishment Officer, St. George's Hospital Medical School, Cranmer Terrace, London SW17 0RE. Please do not telephone. Closing date 7th July.

THE WELLCOME INSTITUTE FOR THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BP

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Knowledge of one or more foreign languages an advantage. This is a junior post suitable either for a recent graduate seeking library school experience, or for a non-graduate intending to seek professional qualifications.

Commencing salary in the region of £2,750 according to age and experience.

Apply, by 20th July, 1977, to the Secretary, stating age, education, experience and giving the names and addresses of two referees.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
LIBRARY
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified candidates for two posts of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT, one in the Brotherton Library (Arts and Social Sciences) and one in the new Medical Library. Salary is a point on the scale £2,439 to £3,604 (under review).

Applications, naming two referees, should be sent to the Librarian, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT by 15th July 22, 1977. Further particulars are available.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
SCIENCE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT DIVISIONAL LIBRARIAN in the Applied Sciences Division of the Science Library. We are looking for a professionally qualified librarian who will assist the Divisional Librarian in all aspects of divisional work, including reader service and instruction, cataloguing, classification and the general administration of the division, which covers subjects in the engineering sciences, mining and metallurgy. Appropriate experience or subject knowledge would be advantageous.

Salary on scale 10, £3,333 to £4,811 on initial appointment (it is made a point within the salary range of £3,333 - £3,761). Further details and form of application, to be returned by 22nd July, from the Staff Appointments Officer, University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham NG7 2RD. Ref. No. 226.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Applicants must have previous library experience and be able to type. Details and application forms (enclose s.a.e.) from E.S.U., 37 Charles Street, London W1X 8AB. Closing date 15th July 1977.

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